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A STORY OF THE DEEP WOODS

By J. CROMPTON EDWARDS

My trips to the camps are always enjoyable. Twice a year I went up to take stock; and so far no heart thrilling experience had been mine, unless eighteen miles tramped over the roughest kind of cadge road, or streams crossed by means of log bridges could be classed among unusual occurrences. The log bridges were sign posts pointing back to the time when "all the world was young," as in places where it would be but a slender sapling flung across, we would resort to the youngsters' trick of straddling the bridge and bumping ourselves along in leap-frog fashion.

This trip, however, was to stand out above the others, and in the minds of three of us the autumn of nineteen hundred will ever hold an incident of burning interest.

We began our journey from the Landing one morning early in September—the superintendent of camps, his little daughter Mona, and myself. Mona, who by dint of coaxing and wheedling had gained her mother's consent to accompany us, looked like a delicate boy, arrayed in sweater, knickers and cap. She was a child to be proud of; even my old bachelor heart warmed and thawed when she was near.

The cadge road—the abomination of the trip—was passed by alternately riding on the supply cart and climbing around roots and rocks; this latter being an easier mode of progression than being bounced around almost as quickly and with as erratic a movement as a ping-pong ball is thrown from the racquet.

After that eighteen miles of torture, the night's rest was balm to our tingling nerves. Next day we entered upon the canoe voyage for the upper camps, and felt we could say with fervor, "I came from martyrdom unto this peace."

As our canoes moved with batlike swiftness over the waters that flowed away from them in curving, rounding ripples, instead of the deep cut one would notice in the wake of a sharp keeled boat, our Indian half-breed, who rejoiced in the distinguished name of Bigsail among his own people, but whom we called Bob, a name which fitted well into the chinks of everyday life, dropped history bits of the early days.

"See that path lying along the hillside like a snake stretched out in the sun? It would be quite overgrown but for the good camping grounds near; it leads to an old Indian burying ground, where some of the first settlers desecrated our graves; dug them up for the treasures and relics that had been buried with our braves. Revenge and anger burned up in our people like fire eats and devours prairie grass. We felt that these pale-faced strangers did not care for our sacred things, nor love our country with the same love we did. It had not been the land of their fathers. They coveted the land on which grew our giant trees; and where Umisk built his dam in the streams, there these pale-faces longed to put up their big whirling water wheels. So because of the fire in our bones and the voice whispering all the time, 'kill! kill!' we pursued and harassed them many moons. Was I alive then? O, no; my father heard the story from the old men, and he told it to me."

This in reply to Mona's question. "Here is a famous feeding place for deer and moose. See how the reeds are eaten off, and the water-lilies are pulled about; lily roots are dainties to Mr. Moose. It would be unpleasant to meet one of those big fellows, for they begin to get uneasy this time of year, before they seek winter quarters, and care not to be interfered with. I shot my first moose hereabout." And Bob's eyes took on a reminiscent gaze. He was really more Indian than Scotch.

Again his monotone carried story and legend to our waiting ears—tales he had heard from his Indian grandsire.

"Twenty miles across from here, on two islands in the long lake, our forefathers fought a great battle; part of the stone barricade they raised up still stands on the north island. Who won, do you ask? Neither: the opposing sides fought and struggled until the third sun, when, lo! something awful came rising out of the water, and our warriors were all dead. What was it? I do not know: no one knows; but that

is the way the story came down to us. Last time I passed the spot, the sun shone warm on the grass-grown wall, and I wondered what the fearsome thing was that stilled the war-whoop on the lips of our braves, and choked the whisper of the arrows so they no longer carried the death message because the sinewy hands of their masters clutched the mould. The Great Spirit had sent his messenger into the war camp to proclaim himself the victor."

Bob's Scotch streak showed in moralizing and trying to find reasons for the dark and cloudy places on life's journey: baffled in this effort, as we all are at times, he gravely shook his head, relit his pipe and returned to the strong, long sweep of the paddle.

A hush, seemingly from far up in mid air, spread and settled down at the close of Bob's silhouettes of the misty bygone days. The September sun—warm, clinging, insinuating as a draught of old wine—melted our marrow with gentle touch, inviting us to enter the Lotus-eater's land. This was no time for moralizing, even over the woes of our forefathers. They had lived out their lives, fought the good fight, and now had gone, both victor and vanquished, to their reward—their bodies resting in the dust of this kindly, queer old earth. Enough for us, the living, to gaze up and away up, while the voice of late insect and lingering bird called woefully: "O rest ye, brother mariners, and do not wander more." Each moment added a deeper vision of the woods, a more glowing and lovable picture for remembrance. Each scrap of cloud, each twig and gorgeous leaf outlined against the blue, gently entreated us to stay.

For miles our water road had flowed through woods, vast and solemn. The trees stood shoulder to shoulder down to the water's edge, some showing roots gnarled and twisted creeping out from the bank down into the water, reminding one of huge water snakes. Beautiful giants they were, destined in a few seasons at most to yield up their lives and be carried down the swift current of the river, or rock lazily in some of its little bays, and finally to fill the insatiable maw of the big mill, emerging after the grinding and pressing machines had done their work, as the finished product—paper.

When the sun shone level through the tree branches we reached our most difficult task at the two mile portage. Here the water tore over hidden rocks, or foamed and dashed around those granite hearted keepers of the river bed, yet forced at last by the insistent water to yield themselves up grain by grain. From the bank we watched the men turn the canoe noses and plunge down this frantic hurly-burly, then leaving the shore we penetrated further in the woods, the character of which had changed to a thick underbrush and second growth. Our guide, Dunc McNeill, an expert forest ranger, who had been breaking the way for us through the tangle of giant bracken and brush that stuck to our clothes and wound about our legs, suddenly made a detour after a flock of ruffled grouse that had whirled up with a rocket-like sound impossible for any sportsman to resist. Dunc belonged to the bush as surely as any wild animal. He reminded me of a moose—bunchy shoulders, spindling legs with the same awkward shuffle when in the open, but he had earned the enviable reputation of being able to walk through bush carrying a canoe as jauntily as an ordinary man could

walk a road. We were progressing rather slowly, hoping every minute to see him shamble into view, when a shot rang out, and something possessed of seventy times seven devils, blood dripping from its flank, crashed through the brush directly toward us.

"Good God! Save my girl!" It was Grayson's voice, piercing, horrified. Mona, her face bleached grey with fear but the bravery growing out of a desperate strait showing in her eyes, clutched my hand and together we stumbled along, our feet dragging as though weighted with chain and iron. With black fear knocking at my heart telling me there was no tree among the slender white birch and poplar large enough to provide us with a refuge, I suffered the pangs of hell. On plunged the horned peril, nearer, nearer, miking straight for us. A shot screamed through the air, but because of the dread gripping his heart, Grayson's bullet flew wide, serving only to add to the demon's fury.

Death in this form is horrible. Bushmen would rather meet any other wild thing than a mad bull moose; quiet if unmolested, a raging spirit of fury when at bay. The sharp front hoofs cut into bone and muscle wherever they strike; then the huge antlers press and grind the helpless victim into the earth until he is a pulpy bloody mass. This would be our fate unless we could make a tree in the next instant, for the monster still hurled itself

savagely toward us; Grayson's shot having failed to draw its attention.

"Mona, girl, be brave. Throw your arms up and hang on," I commanded, giving her a mighty upward swing, feeling her weight no more burdensome than a fluffy young bird's. By good luck she grasped the branch, and I leaped aside at the instant the thing made a rush; the slender tree quivered its length and swayed as the huge head struck it, and, O heaven, be merciful! the impact had loosened Mona's hold; she was hanging by one arm, she would drop in a moment, for the thing of evil had drawn back to make a second assault.

The inevitable loomed with sickening clearness before my eyes; when two shots simultaneously hurtled by with a screaming whiz, one entering the body, the second breaking the foreleg of the mighty creature, and as he plunged heavily forward, poor little Mona dropped from the tree, limp and fainting.

Dunc McNeill's share in the exciting episode was soon told. He had overtaken the grouse near a thicket, had fired into the covey, when out rushed the moose, wounded just enough to make him dangerous, and away in our direction. McNeill followed, fear like a stinging storm of hail urging him on over the logs and through detaining underbrush, arriving just in time to drive one of the shots home that had finished the career of this monarch of the woods.



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Star, burlapped, per lb.25
Swift's, burlapped, per lb.25
Wiltshire Bacon, per lb.25
Prices of other Bacons and Meats given
on application.

WHITE STAR BAKING POWDER.

8 oz. tins, 4 doz. in case, per doz. \$1.00
Per tin10
12 oz. tins 4 doz. in case per doz., 1.90.
Per tin17
1 lb. tins, 4 doz. in case, per doz., 2.25.
Per tin20
3 lb. tins, 1 doz. in case, per doz., 4.75.
Per tin45
5 lb. tins, 1 doz. in case, per doz., 8.00.
Per tin70
In bulk, per lb.15

BISCUITS.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit. Per
pkg.15
Ginger Nuts. Per lb.15
Tea. Per lb.15
Abernethy. Per lb.15
Snow Flakes, 1 lb. tin, salt30
Queen Drops. Per lb.25
Oswego, 1 lb. tins30
Oatmeal. Per lb.15
Sultana. Per lb.15
Napoleon. Per lb.20
Social Tea. Per lb.20
Graham Wafers. Per lb.15
Family Pilot. Per lb.10
Molasses Cakes. Per lb.10
Marie. Per lb.20
Arrowroot. Per lb.15
Jubilee. Per lb.20
Clove Drops. Per lb.20
Apple Blossoms. Per lb.17½

CHEESE.

English Stilton, per lb.40
Roquefort, Genuine Societte, per lb. 45
Fromage de la Trappe, per lb. . . .22½
Limburger, per lb.30

Maclaren's Imperial.

MacLaren's Cheese, large pots, 85 per
pot. Medium pots, 45. Small pots, 25
Canadian Cream, in rolls. Each . .10

COCOA.

Eppe's Homoeopathic, in ½ lb. tins, per
lb.40
Cocoa Nibs, No. 1, 1 lb. tins . . .50
Cadbury's Cocoa Essence, ½ lb. packets,
per packet17½
Cocoatina, ½ lb. tins. Each25
Van Houten's, ½ lb. tins, 30. ½ lb.
tins, 50. 1 lb. tins90
Baker's Breakfast, ½ lb. tins, per tin
30. ½ lb. tins17½
Shells, Sifted, per lb.6

SUCHARD'S COCOA.

1 lb. tins. Each75

COFFEE.

HUDSON'S BAY, brown label, Mocha
and Java, 1 lb., 40. 2 lb., 75. 5
lb., \$1.75
Turkish, HUDSON'S BAY, blue label, 1
lb. tins, 35. 2 lb. tins, 65. 5 lb.
tins150
Rio, Green, best quality, lb., 12½
Roasted, best quality, per lb., 17½
Ground, best quality20
Mocha, Green, "Aden," per lb., 35.
Roasted, "Aden," per lb., 40. Ground,
"Aden," per lb.45

CHOCOLATE.

Baker's Premium, unsweetened, ½ lb.
cakes, per cake25
Baker's German Sweet, per cake, ½ lb.
.10

CEREALS.

Orange Meat. Per pkg.15
Wheat Shred Drink. Per pkt. . . .20
Postum Cereal, large packages . . .25
Small packages15
Pot Barley, 7 lbs.25
Beans, white, hand picked per bushel,
\$2.00. Per lb.4
Cornmeal, per sack of 98 lbs. . \$1.75
Per lb.2
Split Peas, 7 lbs.25
Beans, Lima, per lb.10
Life Chips. Per pkt.10
Buckwheat Flour, new, per sack of 50
lbs200
Rolled Wheat, Ontario, 6 lbs. for 25
Pea Flour, 1 lb. for25
Farina, Hecker's, 1 lb. pkgs. . . .12½
Pettijohn's Food, per pkg. . . .15
Pot, per pkg.12½

Barley, Robinson's Patent, per tin 25
Malta Vita, per package12½
Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour, per pkt.
.12½
Cream of Wheat, 3 lb. pkt. . . .20
Swiss Food, 2 lb. packages . . .15
Flaked Rice, 2 lb. packages . . .15
Wheat Marrow, 2 lb. packages . . .15
Vim, per package10
Quaker Oats, per pkt.11
G.E. Bw. Flour, 2½ lb. pkts., each 12½

EXTRACTS OF BEEF.

Bovril, 1 oz. bottles20
Bovril, 4 oz. bottles60
Bovril, 16 oz. bottles1.75
Johnston's Fluid Beef No. 1, per tin,
25. No. 2, 40. 16 oz. bottle, \$1
Armour's Extract, 2 oz., per pot, 45.
4 oz.75

CANNED FRUIT.

Canadian.
Peaches, 2 lb. tin17½
Pears, 2 lb. tin15
Strawberries, 2 lb. tin15
Raspberries, 2 lb. tin15
Lombard Plums, 2 lb. tins . . .10
Blueberries, 2 lb. tin10
Blueberries, 1 gallon tins . . .45
Gooseberries, 2 lb. tin15
Greengages, 2 lb. tin12½
Cherries, 2 lb. tin15
Lawton Berries, 2 lb. tin . . .15
Apples, fruit tin, each25

FRUIT-EVAPORATED.

Unpeeled Peaches, choice Ensigne, per
lb.14
Apricots, finest California, per lb. .15
Extra fancy17½
Plums, finest California, pitted, per lb.
.12½
Pears, finest California, ½s., per lb 15
Prunes, California, 6, 8, 10 per lb.
30-40 Prunes, 12½. 40-50 Prunes,
10. 50-60 Prunes, 8. 60-70 Prunes,
7½. 70-80 Prunes, 7. 80-90 Prunes,
6½. 90-100 Prunes, per lb. . . .5
Prunes, 20-30, per lb.17½
Apricots, Standard, per lb. . . .12½
Apples, new, in 50 lb. boxes, per lb., 8.
or per lb.10
Apples, dried, per lb.6½

FRUITS-DRIED.

Currants, Vostizal, per lb., cleaned .8
Currants, Filatras, per lb.6
Seeded Raisins, 2 pkts. for8
Raisins, ½ boxes85
Raisins, Layer, Valencia, box of 28 lbs.,
\$2.25. Per lb.10
Raisins, off stalk, Valencia, box of 28
lbs.1.90
Spanish Con. Clusters. Per lb. . .20
Dates, Halloween, per lb.8
Figs, Cooking, in 50 lb. bags, per lb.,
4½. Per lb.6
Family Table Figs, 5 crown, per lb. .20.
Per box of 10 lbs.1.75

CANNED FISH.

Clover Brand Salmon, flat tins. Per doz.,
\$2.10. Each17½
Horseshoe Brand Salmon, tall tins. Per
doz., \$1.80. Each15
Crusader, tall tins. Per doz., \$1.75.
Each17½
Sockeyes, tall tins. Per doz. . . \$2.00
Each20
Sockeyes, flat tins. Per doz. . . \$2.00
Each20
Humpback, tall tins. Per doz., \$1.00.
Each10
Loggie Lobster, flat, per tin . . .35
Lobster, Picnic, per tin25
Mackerel, best Canadian, 1 lb. tins, per
doz., \$1.40. Per tin15
Wet Pack Barataria Shrimps, per doz.,
\$1.50. Per tin15
Bloaters, Macconchie's Yarmouth, per
doz., \$1.75. Per tin20
Bloaters, Yarmouth, Crosse & Black-
well's, per doz., \$2.75. Each 25

Kipperd Herrings, Canadian, per doz.,
\$1.25. Each12½
Kipperd Herrings, Crosse & Blackwell's,
per doz., \$2.25. Each20
Herrings a la Sardine, per tin . . .25
Digby Chicks, per doz., \$2.20. Per
tin.20
Fresh Herrings, 1 lb. tins . . .15
Beardsley's Scaled Herring . . .20

ICING.

Iceing, chocolate or pink, per package,
12½. Lemon or white12½
Isinglass, Nelson's, per package . .17½

JAMS.

Crosse & Blackwell's.
Strawberry, 1 lb. tins, 20. Doz. \$2.10
Strawberry, 7 lb. tins \$1.10
Raspberry, 1 lb. tins, 20. Doz., \$2.30
Raspberry, 7 lb. tins \$1.10
Assorted, 1 lb. tins, 20. Doz., \$2.00
Assorted, 7 lb. tins, \$1.25. Doz., 11.25
Strawberry, 1 lb. glass, 25. Doz., \$2.50
Raspberry, 1 lb. glass, 25. Doz., \$2.50
Raspberry, 2 lb. glass, 50. Doz., \$4.75

UPTON'S JAMS & JELLIES.

Strawberry, Raspberry, Plum, Peach,
Black and Red Currant, Apricot, Pear,
7 lb. pails. Each55
Upton's Jellies, pure fruit, in 7 lb.
wooden pails, Red and Black Currant.
Strawberry, Raspberry. Each . . .60

MACARONI.

Domestic, in 5 and 10 lb. boxes, per
box, 40 and70
Imported, 1 lb. packages, per lb. .12½
Spaghetti, 1 lb. packages, per lb. .12½

MINCE MEAT.

Atmore's 5 lb. pails1.10
Wetley's 7 lb. pails90
Compressed10

CANNED MEATS.

American Canned Meats.
Corned Beef, 1 lb. tins, per doz., 1.75.
Per tin, 20. 2 lb. tins, per doz.,
\$3.00. Per tin30
Roast Beef, 2 lb. tins, American, per
doz., \$3.00. Per tin, 30. 1 lb. tins,
\$1.75 per doz. Per tin20
Chipped Beef, Beardsley's Acme, 1 lb.
tins, per doz., \$3.25. Each . . .30
Libby's Beef, in glass35
English Brawn, 1 lb. tins, per doz.,
\$1.75. Per tin, 20. 2 lb. tins, per
doz., \$3.25. Per tin30
Tongue, Lunch, 1 lb. tins, per doz.,
\$4.50. Per tin, American, 40. 2
lb. tins, American, \$8.50 doz. Per
tin75
Pigs' Feet, 2 lb. tins, per doz., \$3.40.
Each30
Libby's Pork and Beans, plain, No. 1,
per doz., \$1.20. Each, 10. No. 2,
per doz., \$1.75. Each, 17½. No. 3,
per doz., \$2.25. Each25
Heintz Baked Beans, in tomato sauce,
small, per doz., \$1.50. Per tin, 15.
Large, per doz., \$2.50. Per tin 25
Van Camp's Pork and Beans, in tomato
sauce, No. 1, per doz., \$1.35. Each,
15. No. 2, per doz., \$1.90. Each,
20. No. 3, per doz., \$2.65. Each 25
Boneless Turkey, 1 lb. tins, per doz.,
\$3.25. Per tin30
Boneless Chicken, 1 lb. tins, doz., 3.25.
Per tin30
Simcoe Roast Chicken, per tin . .30
Boneless Duck, 1 lb. tins, per doz.,
\$3.25. Per tin30
Canadian Canned Meats.
Corned Beef, 1s, per doz., \$1.60; each
15
Corned Beef, 3s., per doz., \$2.95. Each
30
Brawn, 1s, per doz., \$1.60. Each 15
Brawn, 2s, per doz., \$2.95. Each 30

Brawn, 6s, per doz., \$9.75. Each 85
Veal, 6s, per doz., \$9.90. Each .90
Pate de Foie Gras, 1s, per doz., \$1.75.
Each20

HAMS.

Star, burlapped, per lb.17½
Swift's, burlapped17½
Plain Hams, per lb.14

POTTED MEATS.

Devilled Ham, ½ lb. tins, per doz., 60.
5. ½ lb. tins, per doz., \$1.25. Per
tin15
Potted Chicken, Clark's, ½ lb. tins, per
doz., 75. Each10
Potted Ham, same size and price as
Devilled Ham.
Potted Chicken, Clark's, ½ lb. tins, per
doz., \$1.25. Each15
Potted Turkey, Clark's, ½ lb. tins, per
doz., 75. Each10
Potted Turkey, Clark's, ½ lb. tins, per
doz., \$1.25. Per tin15
Libby's Corned Beef Hash, 1 lb., per
doz., \$2.00. Each20
Libby's Veal Loaf, 1s, each25
Libby's Ham Loaf, 1s, each25
Libby's Chicken Loaf, 1s, each . . .30

PICKLES.

Crosse & Blackwell's new pint bottles,
mixed, Chow Chow, Piccalilli, Gher-
kins, Cauliflower, Walnuts, White
Onions, Red Cabbage, assorted, per
doz., \$3.40. Per bottle30
Crosse & Blackwell's new, ½ pints, per
doz., \$1.90. Each17½
Sweet Mixed Pickles, H. B., per doz.,
\$2.50. Per bottle25
Pails, Mixed, 1 gallon pails, 70. 3
gallon pails, \$1.75. 5 gallon pails
.2.50

RICE.

Rangoon, best, per lb.4
Japan, "Crystal," per5½

SUGAR.

Prices on application.

SALT-WINDSOR BRAND.

Fine and coarse, per bbl. . . . \$1.80
Fine Table, 3 lb. bags, per doz. . .45
5 lb. bags, per doz.70
Loose Dairy, per bbl., \$2.50. Per lb. 1½
Dairy, 50 lb. duck sacks45

TAPIOCA.

Pearl, per lb.5

TETLEY'S TEAS.

Elephant Brand, extra quality, per lb.,
\$1.00. No. 2, per lb., 50. 5c. per
lb. less in 5 lb. lots.
Indu-Kande, composed of Indu-Ceylon
and Oolong, 60 per lb. 5c. per lb.
less in 5 lb. lots.
TETLEY'S Elephant Brand, No. 3, per
lb.40
Lady, tins, ½s, each35
Sunflower, tins, 1s, each50
TETLEY'S, No. 1, per lb.70
TETLEY'S, No. 1, special60
Bulk Indian and Ceylon Blend, nothing
better at price25

CANNED VEGETABLES.

Tomatoes, per tin, 12. Doz. . \$1.35
Corn, finest brand, 2 lb. tin, per tin,
10. Per doz.1.20
Peas, 2 lb. tins, each, 10. Doz. 1.10
French Peas, Moyer's, per tin, 12½.
Extra fine, each20
Pumpkin, best brand, 3 lb. tins, per doz.,
\$1.10. Per tin10
Squash, per tin15
Succotash, per tin15
Asparagus, finest, per tin, 30. Green
tips, 30. White tips30
Mushrooms, French, fine, per tin, 20.
Extra fancy, per tin25
Beans, string or wax, Bowley's, 2 lb. tins,
per doz., \$1.00. Per tin10
Beans, Lima, 2 lb. tins, per doz., 1.60.
Per tin15

VINEGAR.

Wilson's Malt, per gallon60
Crosse & Blackwell's Malt, 1 qt. bottles,
25. 1 pint bottles15
XXX White Wine, per gallon . . .35

YEAST.

Compressed, per cake2½
Royal, per package4
Jersey Cream, per package . . .4

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HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.
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of the Great West  **WINNIPEG**

THAT GIRL

BY MRS. L. D. HILL



OF RYAN'S

WOLSELEY, ASSA.

It was a bright day in early June when Carrie Woodward said good-bye to her uncle at the Liverpool Docks and stepped on board the steamer Marathon bound for Quebec. Carrie had been brought up by her uncle and aunt, her mother having died when she was a wee girl just able to toddle across the floor, but she had never felt the want of a mother, for her aunt's two first children having died soon after their birth, she had been to her as her own mother. Other children had in time been born to them, but Carrie had still held her place in their hearts until now, at eighteen, she had at last decided (after much opposition on their part) on crossing the Atlantic to visit an old school friend who had married and settled near Somerton, in the Canadian Northwest.

After a pleasant voyage, during which Carrie made several friends on board, the steamer put in at Quebec and Carrie and quite a lot of the passengers were put ashore. Several of them were in the same train which bore Carrie westward, but she kept leaving them behind at intervals as they arrived at their several destinations, until when she got out at the little flag station of Somerton at five in the morning, she was the last to get out, and in fact, almost the only passenger for Somerton. However, her friend's husband, Tom West, and his brother, were waiting with a wagon and team to take her out to the farm.

"You see," said Tom, whom she knew slightly, having been introduced to him when he came to England the previous summer. "You are not the only passenger I have to take over to the farm; my brother, Bert, who has just come up from Ontario, is going to stay the summer with us; so you will have lots of fun, and you shall have a good time if Emmie and I have anything to do with it."

"And how is Emmie, Mr. West," said Carrie.

"Oh! She is first rate, and the baby, too; it was born just after we got your letter telling us you were coming, and Emmie said it would be a fine surprise for you."

"Indeed, I thought I should have been here in time to have looked after her, but I suppose you had good neighbors?"

"Well, our nearest neighbor is Mrs. Ryan, six miles off, and she happened to have her sister staying with her, so she came over and looked after Emmie, but she will be glad to see you, for her sister wants her back as soon as possible."

Pleasant chat and merry laughter made the fifteen miles seem shorter than Carrie had expected and the little log farmhouse, occupied by the Wests, came in sight almost before she thought they were nearly there. A bright saucy looking Irish lass opened the door as they drove up, and Emmie came forward to meet Carrie with her baby in her arms. Meanwhile Peggy Flinn busied herself in setting the table for dinner, casting sharp glances every now and then at the newcomer. Soon the men came in and they all sat down to a merry meal. Everything seemed strange to Carrie, and as she looked round in wonder at the strange scene, a malicious smile hovered for a moment round Miss Peggy's red lips. She had plenty to say both to Tom and his brother, and rattled away as if she had known them all her life. Dinner over, the boys started out to have a walk round the farm, and look at the stock. Carrie helped Peggy with the dinner things, and, when they were all put away, she took the baby from Emmie and then she and Emmie strolled out to the barn to look at the chickens and some fine young ducks that were waddling after a motherly looking old hen that was clucking away to them just as if they were chickens instead of ducks. Then they had to go and look at the colt and stroke him, and just after the men came across from the wheatfield, and Tom accompanied his wife back to the house, for she was hardly strong enough to be out long yet. Carrie lingered a few minutes with Bert West before she followed with the

baby. Before they had time, however, to exchange many words, they were joined by Peggy, who had very soon pretty nearly all the talk to herself. She rattled away, telling Bert she was going home early next day and inviting him and Carrie to come over soon and see her sister. Carrie could not help liking the girl, though she thought she was altogether too free with Bert, seeing that he was a complete stranger to her; however, she concluded that it was the way with people out there. She left them and followed Emmie to the house with the baby, who was fast asleep, and when, half an hour after, she looked across the yard, Peggy was still talking and laughing at the door of the barn where she had left them.

"What a rattlepate that girl is," said Emmie, as she came to Carrie's side at the window. "She is a good-hearted girl, but

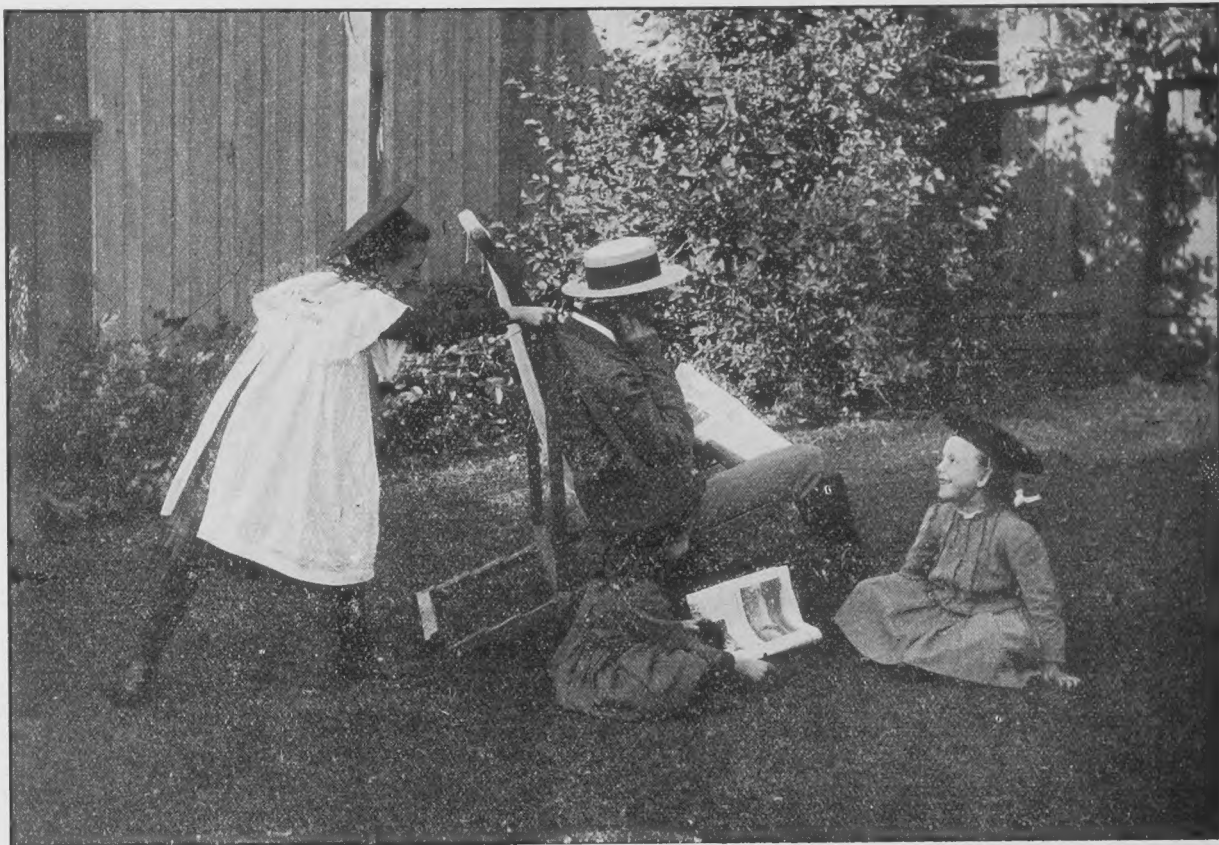
sister's and returned in time for a late dinner. He was going to start work in the hay field next day and Bert and he were busy all the rest of that day sharpening mower knives and getting everything ready for an early start in the morning. Meantime Carrie found lots to do about the house and helping Emmie between whiles with the baby. Supper time found them all ready for a rest and a merry chat over past times. They retired early, and the men were away, taking their dinners with them, when Carrie got up to make a cup of tea for Emmie next morning. It was lovely weather and the days flew by until six weeks had gone. The hay was all stacked and the wheat and oats were ripening in the field. Bert was talking of going home again after the harvest. He and Carrie had lots of talks and fun together and Emmie was beginning to hope that she might have her friend settled near her for good if Bert took up land near them, as he was talking of doing, and came back to settle on it in the spring. They had seen nothing of Peggy at the farm since she went home, but Tom told his wife that the Ryans had been working at the same slough as them at the hay, and Peggy brought the dinners every day, and always found some excuse

when you have been flirting with Peggy the whole day? I thought you would have looked for something different to a silly chatterbox like that, if she is good looking."

"Oh! as for that," said Bert, "I don't care anything about her; only one is obliged to be civil, you know."

"Well," said Tom, "she seems to think so, and what is more, Carrie thinks so, too; so if you think anything of Carrie, you had better cut Miss Peggy's company a bit more and let her see that she is not wanted. That cousin of her's that has just come down was looking pretty black at both of you, I can tell you. I believe he wants the girl himself; I heard they were engaged some time ago, when she first came to her sister's."

Nothing more was said that night, and Bert made such good use of his time next day that Carrie and he seemed to have got just as good friends as ever. The day after, however, Peggy drove over with two of the Ryan boys to invite the Wests and Carrie to a dance and supper, which was to come off as soon as the harvest was in. The Wests agreed to go, all but Bert, who said he would be on his way back to Ontario at that time, and Carrie also declined,



FOOLING DADDY.

I hope Bert is not going to take up with her, for all that."

Carrie looked up at her friend, and, blushing slightly, turned away from the window, and they went all over the house, looking at everything. Many things were altogether strange to Carrie, but she praised and admired everything she saw. Then they sat down and chatted about old times until Miss Flinn came upon the scene, and supper was got ready.

There were only two rooms upstairs, so it was settled that Peggy was to share her room with Carrie for the night, and as she would be going home in the morning, Carrie would have it all to herself afterwards. Bert West took possession of the old lounge in the living room and declared he should sleep like a top, having been two or three nights on the train coming up from Ontario.

Next morning Tom drove Peggy over to her

for talking to Bert. "I don't think he cares anything about her, though," he added. But Peggy was of quite another opinion, evidently, for she found her way to the farm the very next day after the hay was stacked, on pretence of seeing how Emmie and the baby were going on, and insisted on their all coming over to spend the next day at the Ryans. So they went, and Peggy succeeded in monopolizing Bert's attention almost all the time they were there. Carrie was very silent all the way home and Emmie noticed that her face was flushed as if she had been crying when she came downstairs after putting the baby to bed. Bert had strolled out to the gate, and was looking moody and dissatisfied when Tom came out to milk the cows and do up the chores for the night, and when Tom rallied him about his looks, he said something about Carrie hardly speaking to him.

"Well," said Tom, "what can you expect,

saying she would stay home and keep the baby, so that Emmie could have a good time. This, however, did not suit Peggy at all, and she pressed them so much that they at last promised to come.

CHAPTER II.

The great day came and the Wests and Carrie all got into the wagon to drive over to the party at Ryan's. Carrie would rather have stayed at home, but they all insisted on her going, too, so she gave in. Emmie thought if Carrie were there it would keep Bert from paying much attention to Peggy, for, though he had not yet spoken to Carrie, she was pretty sure that he loved her and would ask her to be his wife before he went back to Ontario. He had written after the very next homestead to his brother's, which was not taken up as yet, they thought, and was awaiting a reply from the land office, and Emmie was delight-



VIEW ON ONE OF CALGARY'S PRINCIPAL STREETS.

ed at the thought of having her friend settled close to her. They soon came in sight of the Ryan place and Tom took the baby from his wife, while Bert helped her, and then Carrie, to get out of the wagon. Bob Ryan came out to help Tom with the horses and the other three went on to the house. There were already some half dozen girls and boys from the neighboring farms, which, with their own family, Peggy and her cousin Barney, and the Wests and Carrie, almost filled the kitchen. The only other room, which opened out of it and was usually used as a bedroom, was cleared out ready for dancing, the beds being put out of the way in the low garret which ran over the two rooms. Mrs. Ryan and Peggy were laying the supper in the inner room upon a table made out of two doors, which had been put together across some boxes and covered with a tablecloth for the occasion. The half dozen chairs which they had were supplemented by three or four stools and a plank supported by two of the stools. There was plenty of fun and laughter going on and Emmie noticed that Barney was running about and making himself generally useful, bringing various things which Peggy required. There was a tableful of good things, amongst which a great piece of roast pork at one end of the table and a boiled ham at the other occupied prominent places; pies of various kinds, plates of bread and butter and cake occupied every available place, and there was only just room for the great bowl of potatoes that Barney brought in, when all but himself and Peggy were seated. Peggy was busy filling out and handing round the cups of tea, and in a few minutes all the rest were as busy as possible. For the first quarter of an hour not much was said except an occasional request for more tea, or something else, that was required, but as the heavier eatables were disposed of,

while Carry, who had got the baby to sleep, had found time, first to wonder and then to feel vexed, at his continued absence, so that when he came up to them she answered him very coldly and quietly when he spoke to them. This vexed him in return, and when, after an interval of half an hour, Miss Peggy found her way round to Mrs. West's side, he was quite as ready as she to rattle and talk, while Carrie sat by scarcely speaking to anyone. The dancing began again and continued till nearly four o'clock, when Bert went outside for a breath of fresh air. Barney had been moodily watching Peggy for some time. She had been dancing more than once with Bert, and now, when he had gone out, Barney followed her into the kitchen.

"Peggy, me darlint," he cried, as he caught hold of her hand, "you are not going to throw me over for that spalpeen; you shall not."

"Indade, thin, it's meself that is not going to be ordered by you, Barney Kennedy," said she, snatching her hand from him with a toss of her pretty head.

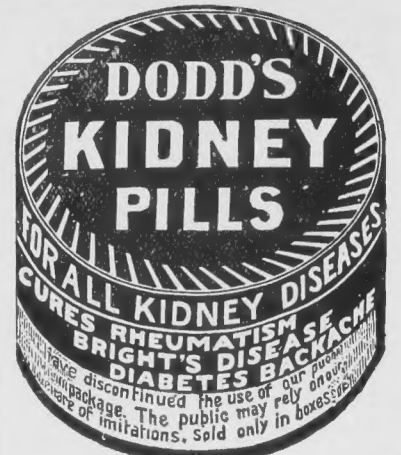
"Ah! Peggy avick, it's me heart's blood you're treading under yer feet," said he, earnestly; but Peggy only tossed her head again and went back into the room to her sister. He stood there a minute, looking silently after her, and then he strode out through the open door into the fresh air. The moon was just setting, and in the shadow of the barn stood Bert West, enjoying the cool morning air after the heated rooms, and planning how to make his peace with Carrie on the morrow. Suddenly he heard a step behind him, something came down upon his head with a crash and a shower of sparks seem-

see that Peggy's box was packed ready for him to drive her into Somerton in the morning in time for the train to the junction, where she would change for the town in Manitoba where her father lived.

It was some days before Bert felt quite himself again and two or three weeks before the cut healed up on his head. By that time he and Carrie had come to an understanding and he had got his answer and arranged about the land, and when he parted from them it was under a promise to return early in the spring, when they would be married.

CHAPTER III.

The time went on pretty quietly at the Wests after the thrilling events of the party. Mrs. West was looking well and strong again, and was busy initiating Carrie into all the mysteries of churning, baking, etc., in which Carrie proved herself an apt scholar. Household work and sewing she had all her life been used to at home, but



proved to be from Peggy to her sister, telling her how Barney, who had never been



MR. WILLERTON'S BARN.



RESIDENCE OF ALFRED WILLERTON, NEAR NEEPAWA.

conversation became general over the cake and biscuits, and lots of jokes were cracked at one and then another of the guest's expense. Peggy and Barney had been kept too busy handing things round to have their own supper and had to have theirs after in the kitchen, while the boys were clearing the room of the tables; and that, of course, brought on more jokes about them being like young married folks, having their first meal in their own house, at which Peggy blushed fiery red and then looked vexed; while Barney, who seemed to take it all in good part, tried hard to get hold of her hand under the table. Then Mrs. Ryan and two of the other married women came into the kitchen to wash up the dishes and hurried the two out into the other room, where Tom West was already playing a waltz on his mouth organ. One of the other boys had brought a melodeon, so there was no lack of music. Carrie and Bert were already dancing and of course Barney and Peggy followed their example, and all who could dance were soon whirling round the room. After a few dances somebody proposed some games and the fun went on until ten o'clock, when lemonade and cakes were handed round and everybody had a rest. One or two couples went out into the moonlight, and their example was followed by Carrie and Bert, who were soon joined, however, by Peggy, who had succeeded in giving Barney the slip. Totally ignoring the adage that "two are company while three are not," she stood there chattering to Bert, and now and then addressing a remark to Carrie, until the latter, seeing Emmie at the window, went in to release her of the baby for a while. Then Peggy, seeing Barney making towards the door out of the kitchen, in search of her, proposed to Bert to go and see how pretty the little stream that ran near the barn looked in the moonlight. Of course, Bert did not like to say no, though he was longing to get rid of Peggy's chatter and follow Carrie into the house. So when Barney got to the door he was just in time to see them going round the corner of the barn. A heavy scowl disfigured his usually merry, good tempered face, and with a muttered curse, he turned back into the house. It must have been nearly half an hour after that Bert re-entered the kitchen, having left Peggy talking to her sister, Mrs. Ryan, who was coming out to look for her. Mean-

ed to fly from his eyes. He fell and lay there motionless, as one that was dead. One moment Barney stood there, looking at him, then flinging down the heavy stick with which he had struck the blow he vanished into the shadow beyond the barn.

It was about half an hour after that one of the men, going out to the barn to harness up his team to go home, came upon the body of Bert West with the blood stained stick lying beside him. An alarm was quickly raised, and he was carried into the house and laid upon some blankets which Mrs. Ryan and Peggy, white and trembling, had brought down for him. Mrs. West was sobbing and Carrie's tears were running fast down her face. Tom West's eyes travelled round the room and remarked the absence of Barney. "This is some of your work," he cried, looking sternly at Peggy. "Where is Barney?" Everyone took up the cry; but, though search was made, Barney could not be found.

Meantime someone had opened Bert's vest and discovered that his heart still beat feebly. Restoratives were applied, and, after some time, he opened his eyes. "Lie still, me bboy," said Bob Ryan, as Bert feebly tried to lift his head up. "Lie still, and Biddy, do ye wet his lips with the brandy again, while I thry to stoph the bleeding," for the blood was beginning to flow afresh from an ugly cut on the back of his head. Bob succeeded in staunching it, and, after covering him up and making him comfortable, they left Mrs. West and Carrie to watch him while he slept. The party broke up at once, and all went home but the Wests, who stayed for breakfast, while Bert was sleeping off the effects of the blow.

"He'll be all right if he can sleep three or four hours, I think," said Bob. "It's lucky he did not strike any harder, and it's yerself that'll be going home to yer father bright and early the morn, me gurl," said he to Peggy. "I'll have no such doins in my house."

And he made his words good, too, for, after Bert had wakened, free from pain though weak from loss of blood, and he had seen him laid comfortably on some rugs at the bottom of the Wests' wagon, with his head on Carrie's lap, while Mrs. West sat with Tom on the seat, he turned back into the house and told his wife to

she had hitherto had no experience in farm work. However, she seemed to learn everything almost at once, having the inclination to do so being at least one-half of the battle. Then she and Emmie had to pay repeated visits to the town to procure several mysterious goods which had to be "made up" ready for the wedding. Tom also was very busy. He had to draw out several loads of timber and to assist Mr. Ryan, who was a very fair carpenter, to put up a house ready for his brother. Finally, on the third Monday in March, Bert West drove down from Somerton in his new wagon, with a load of furniture for the new house. A merry time was spent the day after by Carrie and her friend arranging things, with occasional help from Bert, who was looking after them and his own horses and the two cows he had brought down with him; he was also looking after the chores in place of Tom, the latter having gone into town for provisions of different kinds in readiness for the wedding and certain mysterious parcels which he had to call for on behalf of Bert.

When night came on everything was in order, and Bert drove them back to Tom's place, where they found Tom himself, who had just returned and lit the fire in readiness for supper.

Thursday was fixed for the wedding day. They were all to go into Somerton, and Mrs. Ryan was coming over to get things ready at the Wests' for a great supper party, to which all those neighbors who had been at the dance were invited.

The day seemed to come almost too quickly for all the things which had to be done, and before six in the morning they were all off to town to the minister's house. In the meantime, Mrs. Ryan had got a great fire on in the stove, and pies and cakes of different kinds were in course of preparation. Her two boys were running in and out with wood for the stove and water for the kettle on the cooking stove. About three o'clock the company began to come and there was a merry crowd assembled, when somebody cried out "They are coming!" and a minute after the Wests' wagon drove up and Bert and Carrie got out. Of course all the girls and women got hold of Carrie and hurried her into the house, and between kisses and handshakings, she was almost breathless. Then came Mrs. West with the baby, which came in for a great share of the attention among the girls. As for Bert, he was getting it pretty strong, too, among the fellows outside, some shaking hands with him and wishing him joy, and some giving him hearty slaps on the back. Then they all sat down to supper, and everybody was ready to do full justice to the good things. After supper there was dancing till about ten o'clock, when some of them began to talk of going home. Just then Tom West suddenly remembered, and pulling a letter out of his pocket, handed it to Mrs. Ryan, saying, "I quite forgot, I brought you this from town." Mrs. Ryan tore it open, and, after reading it, handed it over to her husband, telling him to read it out to the company. It

seen since the night he struck Bert West, had turned up at their house to bid her family good-bye before he sailed for South Africa, where he was going with a friend to make a fresh start. He was under the impression that he had killed Bert and had kept out of the way expecting every day that there would be a warrant out for his arrest. He could not resist coming to see them before he went, however, and his relief may be imagined when he learned that the hasty blow given in his jealous passion had not resulted in anything worse than a day or two's pain and annoyance. When the time came for saying farewell the giddy, but warm-hearted, Peggy broke down, and, clinging to him, begged him not to go and leave her for ever. It turned out that Barney's friend had to undertake the voyage by himself, and Peggy had become Mrs. Kennedy the day before she wrote to her sister. They were going to live at her father's, as her only remaining sister had married some time before. Great was the interest with which the letter was listened to, and many the remarks passed upon the news it contained. Then Bert brought the wagon round to the door for Carrie, and, as soon as they had departed for her new home, the rest of the company dispersed, and the Wests were left in the quietude of their own home.

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The Jasper Trail

By D. W. and A. S. Iddings.

Edmonton, the now semi-modern hub of the North Country, on the high bluff banks of the mighty Saskatchewan, swift-flowing from its not distant source in the Canadian Rockies, presents an interesting spectacle of varied activities. For a hundred years or more, since the daring traders of the old Northwest Company founded it as "New" Fort Augustus ("Old" Fort Augustus has often been confused with the "New" Fort Augustus which was built by James Hughes for the Northwest Company on the site of present Edmonton, and maintained by it until the fusion of that Company with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, and since maintained by the latter Company. The "Old" Fort stood on the opposite side of the Saskatchewan, near present Fort Saskatchewan, about 20 miles as the crow flies northeast from Edmonton, and was destroyed in 1810 by marauding Blackfeet, all trails have led to the site of the present Edmonton, and it has been the greatest raw fur mart of the world. The old fort, with its bullet-scarred log walls, is yet standing and in use as the forwarding depot for the North trade of the Hudson's Bay Company, while, on the other hand, the tidy little city has a brisk new metropolitan air that contrasts strangely with its oldest and still conspicuous industry. Here to this day the smoke-dried Northman comes with his train of lumbering pack ponies, or huskie-hauled sledges, as the season may be, carrying each its heavy pack of the pelts of the marten, mink, beaver, and now and again the costly silver fox, to be bartered to the Hudson's Bay Company for the flour, bacon, tea and sugar, which the Indians and halfbreeds of the North cherish as luxuries against their staple diet of the fresh and dried meats of the fauna. With each of such trips to town the traders, of course, renew their acquaintance with "Scotch" and "rye," and in the hotels, the stores and on the streets many a husky native, bolstered from recent excesses, may be met, dressed in his fringed suit of buckskin and with



Throwing the Diamond Hitch.

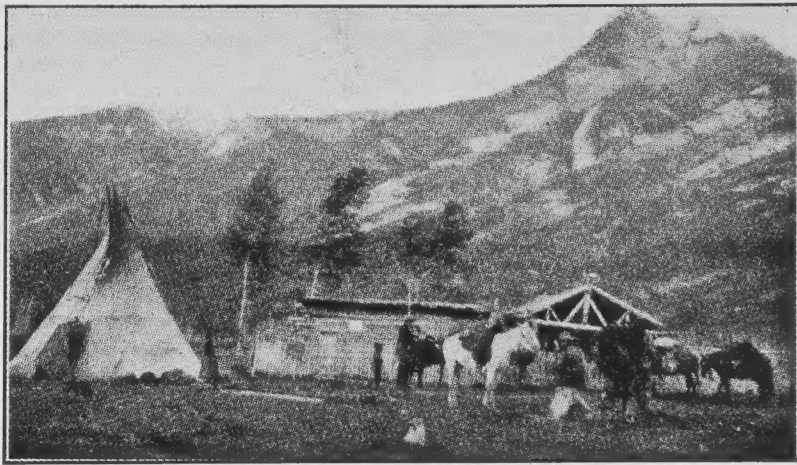
moccasin-clad feet. Profits of a year's privation and toil are frequently and freely debauched away in a single night, and now and again a wilder bacchanal stops alone when his outfit is gone and, oftentimes, when hatless and coatless, no further advances can even be begged on his probable profits of another long year of privation and toil.

Edmonton is an ideal outfitting point, as we had learned from former trips. Therefore, prompted by recurring longings for wilderness wandering, fairly starving for bacon and bannocks camp-cooked, and feverish for the sport or adventure rightfully to be expected on an overland "voyage," we had determined to make through a big and small game country to that portion of the Rocky mountains away to the north which yet maintains its virginity against the wiles of railways and the gawking of tourists, we bent our hurried steps Edmontonward and arrived there one rainy August evening.

A day spent at dickerings with exasperating horse-traders convinced us that the wisest plan was to place ourselves completely in the hands of our friends, the Hudson's Bay people. On their advice we engaged Sam Baptiste, a picturesque French halfbreed, and a buffalo hunter of the by-gone days, and his son, who were at the Fort with some wagon-loads of furs, to freight us and our outfit sixty miles by wagon-trail to the post at Lac Ste. Anne. There, we were told, the Jasper pack trail began, and trail-tried horses, guides and packers could be readily had.

We were two days and nights on the most wretched excuse for a wagon-trail that it has ever been our discomfort to travel, and we've hit a good many in our time. They were jolly good fellows, these halfbreed freighters, laughing all the time, and when anything struck them as so funny that laughter would not express their merriment, they would roll the ground in their glee. After the first few hours out we became fast friends, all pulling together with the horses when wagons were stuck in the mud and muskeg, oftentimes unloading and carrying the flour, bacon and blankets to vantage ground on our backs. Tired of such travel and worried by the myriads of flies we pulled into Lac Ste. Anne amid the welcome barking of dogs. It was a Sunday evening, and we were soaked to the skin by a drenching rain which had been falling for some hours. Our "slickers" had been packed beyond ready reach in the bottoms of the wagons.

Peter Gunn, the officer in charge of the post, and his family gave us a hearty Scotch welcome, in which the several engages warmly joined. The word soon spread among



Home of Avan Moberly, near Jasper House.

the halfbreeds and Indians about the lake that a couple of Moniyas (Englishmen; by adoption, any strangers, "tenderfeet"), had arrived with an outfit and were looking for packers and ponies with which to hit the Jasper trail.

After two days of bickering and hiring we were ready, with a halfbreed guide, Alexi, a white packer and seven horses. It was fine travelling through the tall grass of the lowlands and across the ridge of the Pembina watershed, and although the precipitation had been heavy the Sturgeon and Pembina rivers were forded with comparative ease. Beyond the Pembina there is a goodly stretch of miserable muskegs, and muskegs mean trouble, and lots of it, for both man and beast. First the trail becomes muddy, then mucky. Next the horses flounder in a wabbling mass of watery vegetation, while sickly willows, waving here and there, beckon you on, mirage-like, to even worse stretches, where mired horses must be cursed, beaten and finally unpacked, then cursed and beaten again before firm ground is once more reached. Time and again our horses would sink into the stuff up to their shoulders, seeming to float around in it as a body might in water after having displaced a quantity of it equal to its own weight. We crudely bridged the more impassable places with logs and fresh-cut spruce boughs, but now and again a horse, frightened by slipping a foot between the logs, would jump the contrivance entirely and sink into the mire almost out of sight, so that an hour's hard work was often required to fish him out. It was on such occasions as this that our white packer's feigned rheumatism was principally in evidence. However, if eating too much sugar generates uric acid and that in turn superinduces a rheumatic condition, it may have been real rheumatism. His great ability seemed to lie in bossing the job. We had one horse in our string that was possessed of traits of character quite similar. He would invariably lie down whenever a difficult part of the trail required extra exertion.

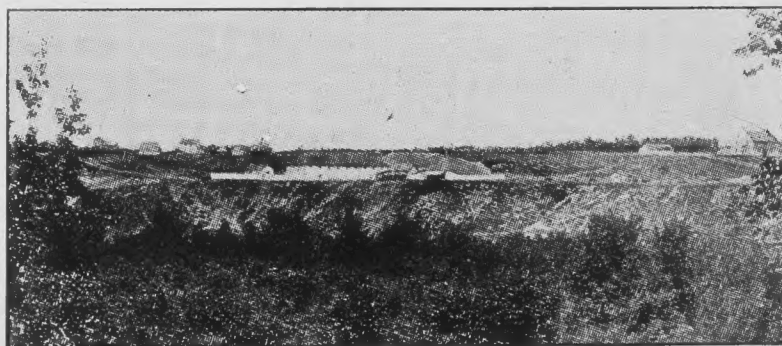
So we came through muskeg, bush and savannah, the trail running just north of the entire length of Buffalo Dung lake, a large rambling body of water, the haunt of countless wild fowl, of which we winged enough from our horses' backs to fill our pots and frypans. Grouse, too, were plentiful in the prairie and spruce bush. One morning Alexi in great excitement returned with the horses, which had wandered away some distance to graze among their favorite pea-vine. "Chicken, his dance! Chicken, his dance. Hurry, you see, too," he exclaimed. We tumbled out quickly and were off, for a sight, if possible, of the queer quadrille in which the grouse of the prairie frequently engage. Coming to the place Alexi indicated, however, we found that only a few of the ceremonious little dancers remained. But they were still hopping about, so rapt in their singular exercise as to permit us a close survey of their antics. Soon the revellers began to disperse, and it was then our presence became known. So, as they flushed, we bagged several.

At length we came to the burnt-timbered banks of the River McLeod. Swollen to flood height and still rising, it rushed along bank-full, with a current known only to North Country streams of glacial origin. Sullen and dismaying in the shades of the falling night it swept before us, forcibly persuading a camp on the near side. Next morning we arose early, in a drizzling rain, only to find that fording was impossible. We must raft. Huge logs were felled from the fire-blackened forest about us and hustled to the water's edge. These we tied together with the cinch ropes from the pack-saddles, making withal a rude but serviceable craft. The pack-bags, saddles, guns

and other impedimenta were placed aboard. Then the horses, which in this country are never picketed, and seldom hobbled after several nights out, were driven in from a nearby meadow where they were feeding. They were led down the bank by their neckropes and, amid shouts and hurling of sticks and stones to prevent their turning back, fairly pushed off into the water for their long swim to the opposite shore. Once we saw them safely across and quietly browsing the strange nutritious reeds, so relished by them, which grow on the west shore of this river—the like of which we have seen nowhere else—we prepared for our own embarkation, first fitting ourselves with long poles, hewn paddles like at one end. We pushed off into the swirling waters and were carried into the mid-current before having time to work our paddles. By keeping the raft broadside against the stream its disintegration was alone prevented. By almost superhuman efforts the current toward the other shore was finally reached and all was then smooth sailing until we grounded on the sand where the water was knee-deep, about a hundred yards from the shore.

We were now in the favored haunts of Ursus horribilis. We had been warned several days before by some Stoney Indian hunters, upon whom we happened, to avoid using any expletives when referring to the grizzly, else, they said, he would surely catch us that night. Accordingly on coming within his confines, to test this native assertion, and incidentally, if possible, the shocking power of a new .35 calibre rifle, we let the woods ring with challenges to musqua (bear); nor were we to be disappointed with the results. We had no sooner hit the trail again than we ran onto the fresh tracks of a grizzly of considerable size. But although we saw other tracks now and again for several days as the trail led along the high banks of the river, it was not until we were ascending the divide between the McLeod and the Athabasca, and had camped in the burnt edge of a dense forest, after a frightful day's travel through muskeg actually running uphill, that we came upon the game we were seeking. They were not so dangerous as we had been led to believe.

Our camping place was most desolate. The dull grey of the morning was just rendering the sable shroud of night, and Alexi alone was astir, gathering wood. The rest of us were still inanimate in our sleeping bags, when our slumbers were disturbed by a vigorous but noiseless shaking. It was Alexi, and in a low voice he muttered, "Musqua, musqua." In an instant we were on our feet. Having slept in our clothes that night as usual, no time was lost. We followed the halfbreed's lead cautiously to a little knoll some hundred yards or less behind the camp, whence, sheltered, we could command a view of a swale, well-walled about by forest, and some twenty-five or thirty acres in area, the lower end of which was luxuriant with those ripe red berries so loved by bruin. Fortunately the wind was in our faces, and as we peered down through the half daylight we saw two voracious berry-eaters peaceably munching their breakfasts. A well directed shot from the .35 laid low in her tracks the smaller of the two, a female grizzly. With the other, however, whose hind quarters were alone presented as a target, the first shot from the .30-40 failed quite naturally of as good results. Maddened by the pain of a hind leg shattered at the femur, the grizzly turned toward us, and with a terror-spreading display of froth-dripping ivory, advanced, growling, till another shot sent him to keep his mate company. He was a magnificent specimen, measuring probably five feet eight inches along the vertebrae. How the natives dare to face such dangerous monsters with

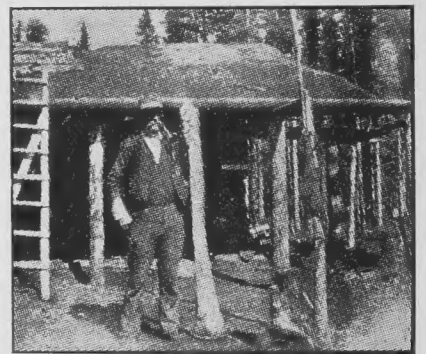


Old Fort Edmonton, Hudson's Bay Company.

the scant protection afforded them by their ancient muzzle-loaders—the standard firearm of the North—is hard to understand. Taking with us enough fresh meat for several days, we cached the hides, which we had time to but ill prepare, and were off again.

"Wah, wah, wah, Arabiscow si-pli," halloed Alexi, who was riding in advance, as the murky green waters of the glacial-born Athabasca came into pleasing sight through a rift in the dense sub-arctic forest, and we knew we were nearing the shack of Jack and Gregg, free traders, on the banks of Prairie creek, a mountain-torrent tributary. Some forty Indians, hunting within a radius of several hundred miles, trade their furs here—for flour at \$10 a hundred and bacon at a dollar the pound. These prices are steep, but it is hard work packing in supplies. While we boiled the kettle and chatted pleasantly with Jack Gregg, one of the few precursors of an age of commercialism which a few decades will surely bring to that far country, an untoward incident occurred. Prairie creek's banks are high and quite perpendicular here, where it flows through a beautiful upland, a choice pasturage, to which our always hungry horses eagerly trotted, once saddle free. One of the horses, too venturesome it would seem, fell into the stream, and, unable to clamber up its steep sides, remained perforce some hours in the chilling waters of the snow-fed creek before his predicament was discovered. We finally succeeded, by a well-placed lariat throw, in encircling his neck, whereby he was literally yanked out, seemingly more dead than alive. Saddling another horse we soon restored his limbs to their erstwhile activity by pulling him about until he foamed with sweat.

Up the Athabasca river from Prairie creek we pursued a trail treacherous with abominable woodland muskies, the while winding about the bases of the tall peaks, rugged, sheer and snow-clad, that guard the Jasper or Yellow Head pass through the mountains. As the river, widening into Burnt lake, encroached upon the lowlands, we climbed higher and higher, till the blue sky seemed but a few thousand feet above us as we threaded the narrow shale ledge amid the clouds. A half-mile below us, reflected in the glassy waters, were the cerulean colors also. Green islands dotted the



Jack Grigg.

azure lake, and dark woodland wrapt its shores, jutting out at its up-stream end, where Jasper House once stood. And so a green gateway is formed through which the rushing river comes, let out from Jasper lake above, into which it first broadens as it comes from its nearby source.

Above Jasper lake, with its sand-duned beach, the passage of the river was made in a dug-out, cached there; and we pushed on past Henry House, an abandoned trappers' lodge, step by step up the giant stairway of plateaus to the summit of the pass, where we made a permanent camp for few days' hunt for goats and big-horn sheep. The first day we were snowbound in our tepee, though comfortable with the lounging furs and green wood fire.

The second day breaking clear and cold, we crept up and over the crags to the stalk as only moccasin feet can, our rifles serving as Alpine-stocks. It was slow work and hard. Coming to an especially bold pinnacle we ascended and scanned the surrounding rocks through the glasses. Across an apparently unbridgeable chasm, on a hogback below us fully a half-mile away, we descried a band of goats, seven in number. We had found our quarry, but the question of getting within gunshot seemed a grave one. Roping ourselves together, owing to the unquestionable dangers of the approach, we descended. But we narrowly escaped a glissade at the bottom. We finally reached the gorge safely, and labored up the opposite scarp. This brought us to the uppermost end of the hogback upon which we had seen the goats, and there they still were, some six hundred yards away. Flat on our stomachs, we crawled closer and closer, keeping the ridge between us and the game. Hidden by this natural breastworks we soon were within an easy and unobstructed range. Our rifles spoke simultaneously, and again and again independently; the thin vapor of the smokeless powder vanished, and three fine goats lay prone. We had picked off the three having the best heads; the others, two ewes and their kids, with mingled curiosity and awe stood transfixed a moment or so, then scampered away over the cliffs. The getting the game to camp was almost as difficult as securing it. We often literally dragged our trophies over the rough rocks.

While we scoured about the remaining few days of our stop at the end of our trail we saw several other bands of goats, but got within range of none. Unfortunately we saw no bighorns. Their tracks were plentiful, though never in localities where goats were to be found. These mountain ovidæ seem to have nothing in common,

AFTER LONG YEARS

"Look mad—do I? I guess I do, if I look what I feel," declared pretty Madge Porter, pouting her cherry lips as she cantered by the side of one of her many gentlemen admirers. She and her bosom friend, Nelly Brooke, were out for their usual evening ride, when they had been joined by two gentlemen, not an unusual occurrence, be it said, for both girls in their different styles, were two of the prettiest for many miles.

The younger of the two men, Cyril Lambert, laughed as he replied:

"Why, who has dared to upset you so, Madge?" "You had better not let Maud hear you speak so," retorted the young lady, still trying to look injured and "mad." "She is just up in the skies with delight, goodness knows when she will come to the earth again. In fact—not until the object of these transports arrives, I guess. You see," she went on to explain, "mamma has this morning heard that her sister, my Aunt Kate, is on her way here from England to spend the summer with us. She has been sick, overwork or something, and has been ordered to Canada for her health."

"Oh!" sighed her friend Nellie Brooke, with big, round blue eyes. "How delightful." She was rather inclined to be sentimental was this young person, and having no relations herself in the old country, always wished she had. There was a halo of romance round anyone, or anything associated with England, and gazing at Madge with envy and admiration, she added, "You are a lucky girl!"

"I'm sure I don't see why," retorted Madge, petulantly. "She will spoil our summer, that is all. She is awfully clever, is a journalist, critic, and writes books, so is bound to be severe and disagreeable."

"Not necessarily," put in the other man, who had not yet spoken. Madge flashed upon him her saucy brown eyes, and pretty pouting face. "Blue stockings always are, now, aren't they, Mr. Lester, confess?"

Ralph Lester smilingly shook his head. "I have met many lady writers both in this country and Europe, who are perfectly charming and some quite beautiful."

Vexed and piqued, the girl tossed her head. "Possibly you are such a traveller, Mr. Lester. We do not aspire to the acquaintance of celebrities and beautiful journalists."

Cyril Lambert smiled and Nellie giggled rather hysterically. She always felt nervous when her friend began a war of words, for Madge's tongue was both pointed and witty.

"In fact," I cannot imagine a good looking bluestocking," went on Miss Madge, recklessly. "This is how I picture my Aunt Kate—a little, yellow, withered person, with short grey hair

sticking up all over her head, and eye glasses astride a severe, learned looking nose."

"Madge!" laughed Nellie, "how can you? Haven't you ever seen her photograph? Surely Mrs. Porter has described her to you."

Madge laughed disagreeably. "Mamma's descriptions are never to be relied upon; besides, she has only seen Aunt Kate once since she married father and came out here. So how can she remember what she is like? There are lots of old fogies in Mamma's albums, but never look at them. I hate looking at photos of ancients who have been dead and buried years and years."

Cyril Lambert laughed uproariously, as he always did at the girl's pert speeches, which he thoroughly enjoyed, but Mr. Lester bit his lip and said nothing. He was feeling surprised, hurt and annoyed. He had not seen much of the Porters, but what he had he liked very much, and Madge had attracted him strangely. It was not alone because she was a very pretty, brilliant girl, but of the indescribable something in her face, voice and manner which reminded him of a dead, and almost forgotten past. Even now she reminded him of the only woman he had ever wished to marry, whose quick brain and ready wit had often caused her tongue to utter cutting, unkind words, which her really tender heart never intended.

His face whitened as the past came back with a rush, causing him to bit his lip in agony. He felt he could not stay longer with that young thoughtless trio, so raising his hat with a muttered apology, he dug his spurs into his horse and galloped away.

"You have done it now, Madge. He has gone off as mad as can be," remarked Nellie, her face pink and distressed. Madge had colored up also, but retorted sharply—

"I guess I do not care; he is only an old fogey himself."

But she did care in a way. That is to say, his vanity was wounded. It had pleased her to hear people call him her "elderly admirer." At the outside he was not more than forty, and did not look that, but he appeared old to the young, giddy girl of nineteen.

They little guessed, any of them, that it was for the sake of a woman he had loved many years ago, of whom Madge Porter reminded him, that caused him to seek the society of the young girl, and to listen with a sweet mingling of pleasure and pain to her bright, animate talk, her flow of brilliant repartee.

But when this repartee grew spiteful and bitter, as it sometimes did, then he would steal away very quietly, an intensely sad expression upon his face.

Madge soon recovered from his desertion and turned gaily to Cyril Lambert. She liked Mr. Lester, but she

liked Cyril much better, he was more her age and style and met all her sarcastic speeches with roars of good natured laughter. A few evenings later Aunt Kate arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Porter had driven into the town to meet her and Madge had been left at home to look after supper. Her pretty face, which had worn a supercilious expression, changed into amazement when she saw a slender figure in a well made grey travelling suit, spring lightly out of the buggy, making some gay remark which sent her father off into peals of laughter.

Laughing and talking, the two ladies entered the dining room, where Madge stood, rather white and distinctly nervous.

She knew that she would not have felt half so frightened of the severe, plain "bluestocking" aunt she had pictured, as she was of this graceful, youthful looking woman who was mirthfully regarding her out of twinkling, humorous grey eyes. Her aunt kissed her affectionately, then holding her at arm's length, cried—

"Methinks I see myself again as I was twenty years ago, Alice."

"Yes, Madge is very like you. I always thought she was," replied Mrs. Porter, looking pleased and proud.

"But," went on her sister, with dry humor, "this young person is a little beauty, of which no doubt she is aware, so I need not fear spoiling her innocence. Now, my greatest admirer could never say I was a beauty, and yet—there is the likeness, even I can see it."

Beauty or no beauty, Madge felt it a distinct compliment to be like her Aunt that evening. The latter, after changing her travelling suit, came down to supper in a very becoming gown, pale green in color, and of some soft flimsy material which fell in graceful folds round her pretty figure. She looked very young in the lamplight, almost as young as her niece, with complexion and skin quite as soft, white and pure. They also had the same bright, unruly red-brown hair. Aunt Kate's, however, plentifully streaked with grey. There the likeness as regards feature ended. Madge had big, saucy brown eyes, a straight little nose and small red mouth. Aunt Kate's eyes were grey in color, not very large, but full of humor, as also were her tip-tilted nose and wide mouth. Madge was pretty, very pretty, but her face lacked the character and humor her aunt's possessed in a marked degree. Aunt Kate was the life and soul of the party that evening. She sang and played to them in a style all her own. Even Nellie and Cyril, who had dropped in, it must be confessed, out of curiosity, to see the "aunt," were astonished and charmed, and were ready to admit she equalled Madge in wit and brilliant repartee, but not in beauty.

"She is lovely," whispered Nellie to Madge at parting. "I guess I shall love her no end before long."

Whilst Cyril, the rogue, teasingly remarked, "You must look to your laurels, Madge; your charming young aunt will knock our nose out."

Madge did not mind. She was already too much under the charm of

her aunt's fascination to be jealous. For the first time in her wayward little life she had met her superior, one to whom she had to play second. The experience was a novel one and not without its charm.

Aunt and niece soon became great chums, Aunt Kate reading the young girl like a book. Even whilst she disapproved of the petty vanities and paltry ambitions which spoiled the girl, she also sympathised with them, for she remembered herself, alas! exactly the same at her age.

"Wait until you have been through the fire like I," remarked her aunt one day; "that will take it out of you, Madge." She smiled sadly as she spoke and her sparkling face grew startlingly pale and quiet.

Madge learned afterwards from her mother that Aunt Kate had an unhappy love affair years ago, but Mrs. Porter either did not know or would not give her daughter any particulars.

"I believe it was her unruly tongue and reckless spirit which did the mischief—so beware, Madge," her mother concluded, to which her daughter replied with a little saucy grimace.

The days passed happily to Aunt Kate. She had resolutely put away all pens and paper, though this was a great sacrifice, as she dearly loved her work, and had given herself up entirely to enjoying her holiday. She was learning to ride and drive under Mr. Porter's and Madge's guidance, in both of which she proved herself an apt pupil.

"I am quite sure I shall not want to go back to dear old ugly London and my little flat. Your Canada is so entrancing," she declared on one occasion.

"Then do not go back, stay here!" cried Madge and her mother in one breath, but Aunt Kate shook her head.

"My work lies there, and, after all, it is my home."

A week after her arrival Mr. Lester called. It was his first visit, and strangely enough his name had not been mentioned before her by any of the family. She had been out for her usual morning ramble, coming back laden with wild flowers. She was arranging a big bowl of fragrant wild roses in the pleasant morning room, when she heard a man's footstep cross the hall and enter the room. Thinking it was Mr. Porter, she said, without looking round:

"What do you think of my spoils, George, are not these roses simply lovely?"

She heard her name uttered in a strange stifled voice, and she turned quickly round, the bowl of roses falling to the ground with a crash.

"Ralph!" she cried, then reeled and fell fainting into his outstretched arms.

Who can wonder at it? Brought face to face with desperate suddenness with the man she had loved and lost twenty years before?

When she recovered, it was to find both her sister and lover bending anxiously over her. With a tender kiss and smile, Mrs. Porter left them, for she knew that after so long a separation they would have much to say to each



VIEW OF WINNIPEG LOOKING NORTH -EAST FROM WESLEY COLLEGE.

other. A little later Madge entered from her morning's ride and stood spellbound at the sight of her aunt reclining in Ralph Lester's arms. There was no mistaking their looks and her face tingled with shame and natural mortification when she remembered he had been regarded as her lover. As she crept away unperceived she heard him say:

"You have always been 'heart of my heart,' my darling. I thought you could not love me your words were so cruel, and so I came away. But no woman has ever taken your place in my heart."

Madge went soberly to her mother in the kitchen and there heard the facts of this romantic love story.

Years ago, when Aunt Kate was no older than Madge herself, she captivated the heart of a young Canadian who was on a visit to England. She was at that time very wild and thoughtless, with a saucy, witty tongue and a tremendous flow of animal spirits, which were always running away with her. She really cared very much for the young man, but instead of telling him so like a sensible girl, laughed and mocked at him so that he left her in a tearing rage. He went back to Can-

spend our honeymoon in London?" he said slyly, at which she blushed and brightened.

"A good idea, Ralph. We shall both enjoy a few months in dear old England. Afterwards," she added, with the faintest of sighs and the happiest of smiles, "we will come back to Canada, and I will do my very best to become a first-rate farmer's wife."

—O—O—O—

The Deer Hunt.

A story! Yes, a story,
A story of the chase;
All honor to the hunter;
Long live his name and race!

He sauntered forth at daybreak,
With firm and easy tread,
His shot-gun full well loaded
With a bullet made of lead.

The day before, this hunter,
In the dusk of ev'ning gray,
Had seen a little fallow deer
Go bounding o'er the way.

And, sure, he meant to shoot it,
Why, yes, he could not miss,
Last night he hit the chicken-shed
And felt quite proud of this.

So, now, with gun well loaded,
As I before have said:
With powder in the cartridge
And a bullet made of lead

He stepped along with caution;
His quick and eager glance

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General Facts.

A man who has never made a blunder is not to be trusted.

Thirteen British life insurance companies decline proposals from unvaccinated persons.

try, and that this has greatly increased the mortality among them.

Among civilized nations $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the men and 1 per cent. of the women are color blind. The Chinese are the only people free from color blindness.

In Sweden they have a land arrangement of this kind: The farmer will give a tenant so many acres of ground provided the tenant will give him so many days' labor for so many years, the labor to be paid as wanted.

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Chester's Cure

does cure Bronchitis, because the smoke you inhale passes through the bronchial tubes and into the innermost recesses of the lungs. Every breath you take carries the healing, soothing medication. For Bronchitis, Cold in the Head, and deep seated Coughs, Chester's Cure gives quick relief and insures a speedy cure. 50c and \$1. If your druggist can't supply you, write the Canadian agents,
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HE DON'T LIKE HIS PANTS.

ada without even wishing her good-by and she heard nothing more of him from that day until this one, when he had come innocently calling at the house.

"But did you not recognize him, Mama?" cried Madge, wonderingly.

"I never saw him, child, never heard his name. It was certainly a merciful Providence that made him sell his farm down in Manitoba and come up west to start again."

"I suppose he is very rich," sighed Madge. "Dear Aunt Kate. I am glad she is to be happy at last."

Her mother returned the girl's kiss and ere she skipped out of the room, found chance to whisper:

"Take warning, Madge; Cyril loves you; don't miss years of happiness like poor Aunt Kate did." Madge seriously considered this advice, so seriously, indeed, that the next time the young man proposed (which made the fourth time he had done so) she graciously accepted him. Meanwhile the "elderly young lovers," as Aunt Kate would insist upon calling themselves, were making plans for their future.

"I must go home to wind up my affairs and see the 'chief,'" she said, with a shade of sadness in her clear eyes; "and to say good-bye to all."

"May I suggest, dearest, that we

Pierced through the semi-darkness
Some paces in advance.

He stepped along with caution;
He knew quite well the deer
Was always very wary
And had a practiced ear.

And thus he was proceeding.
When, lo! He heard a rush,
And saw the deer emerging
Out from a clump of brush.

He cocked his gun, and quickly
Knelt down in "soldier style,"
But out upon the roadway
The deer emerged the while.

Meanwhile, the noble hunter
Did take a steady aim,
And hit the deer, and killed it, too—
All honor to his name!

The deer, just as he fired,
Shot through from side to side.
Took one, two, three, leaps forward,
Then tumbled o'er and died.

The hunter, now excited,
And feeling proud and gay,
Jumped up and ran on forward
To where his victim lay.

But why now act so strangely?
Why turn so deathly pale?
Why glance in all directions
As a man escaped from jail?

Why has that cow down yonder
Now lost her small red calf?
How is it all the people
Who know about it laugh?

I cannot tell the reason;
But this the old owl hoots:—
"The hunter since that morning
Looks twice before he shoots."

What you did yesterday is no excuse for what you didn't do to-day. The world gives the glad hand to the doer—not the "dider."

By mere waste caused by coins rubbing together the civilized world loses one and a quarter tons of gold and eighty-eight tons of silver in a year.

It is said that a fly makes 400 strokes per second with its wings, and it has been proven by the use of the microphone you can hear a fly walk.

Australia has, proportionately, more churches than any other country, the number being 6,013, or 210 to every 100,000 people. England has 144 churches to every 100,000; Russia only fifty-five to the same number.

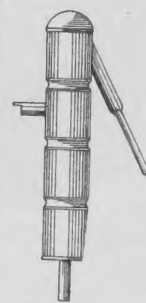
In a late issue of the Scientific Magazine, published in Leipzig, an article on alcohol states that the Germans in America are largely ruined, mentally and physically, by liquor. On the foundation of long experience in the United States the author states that much more beer is consumed by the Germans in America than in the home coun-



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I CURED MY RUPTURE

I will show you **FREE** how to cure yours



"I was helpless and bedridden for years from a bad rupture. No trust could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated upon. I fooled them all and cured myself by the Rice Method. I advise all ruptured persons to use this method," writes Mr. Robt. Howard, Muskoka Co., Ont. A **Free Trial** of this marvellous Method sent Free to all who write at once, giving description of their case. Thousands have been cured and **IT WILL CURE YOU.** Write to-day.

Dr. W. S. Rice, 2½ East Queen St. Block (105) Toronto, Ont.

The New Minister of the Interior

Hon. Frank Oliver, the new Minister of the Interior in the Laurier Cabinet, was sworn in on Saturday, April 8th, by Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada. The new minister has gone back to his constituency for re-election, and will no doubt be occupying his place as Minister of the Crown by the time this issue of The Western Home Monthly reaches its readers.

Hon. Frank Oliver is a journalist, he owns and edits the Edmonton Bulletin. He was born in Peel County, Ontario, in 1853. In his youth he learned the printing trade in the office of the Toronto Globe. Whilst in the Globe office it was only natural that he should come into close contact with the lamented George Brown, who was responsible to some degree, no doubt, for Hon. Mr. Oliver's broad liberalism.

Possessed of an adventurous spirit,

of note that Mr. Oliver erected the first building for business purposes on the present site of Edmonton, apart from the Hudson's Bay Company's fort. In those early days a mail reached Edmonton only once in three weeks. The Dominion Government built a telegraph line to Edmonton in the fall of 1879 and arrangements were made to send a news bulletin of doings in the outside world over the wire. Mr. Oliver saw his chance and decided to establish a newspaper, he being a printer himself. Mr. Alex. Taylor in those days telegraph operator, now Clerk of the Court and post master at Edmonton, became associated with him in his printing enterprise. Mr. Oliver brought with him from Winnipeg a supply of paper (note size), a toy press and a pair of cases of nonpareil type, but he forgot to bring type for a heading, so Mr. Taylor came to

tories and has the honor of being the first member elected to that council.

In 1885 he was defeated by Dr. Wilson, of Edmonton. He sat continuously from 1888 to 1896 in the Legislative Assembly, which succeeded the councils with wider powers.

In 1896 he stood as an independent Liberal for Edmonton for the Commons and defeated his Conservative opponent, Mr. Thomas Cochrane. He was re-elected in 1890 and 1904 and will be re-elected, no doubt, again on May 2nd if he is not declared elected in the meantime by acclamation.

Frank Oliver has done a whole lot for the West, in fact, he has done more for it than possibly any other man residing west of the Great Lakes.

In 1883 he drafted a complete school law for the Territories and the bill drafted by him forms the basis of the law at present in force. He likewise drew up the original of the election law. This law was specially adapted to suit the peculiar requirements of the West and is in many ways the best election law in Canada. Under this law there is scarcely a possibility of perjury and it does away with, to a great extent, the errors that sometimes arise through ignorance in marking ballots. In 1896 he deemed it wise, on account of his enforced absence from home, attending to his parliamentary duties at Ottawa, to put his newspaper into a joint stock company. He still guides its destinies and shapes its policies, even while in Ottawa and his pen pictures of the political situation at all times are fair and most interesting. Few men in Western Canada have so many strong personal friends as Frank Oliver. His name is revered by those who know him best, his straightforwardness, his tireless energy and practical common sense in all things pertaining to the West has endeared him with all classes, creeds and nationalities.

The politician who will go into his stamping ground to wrest the laurels



Mrs. Oliver.

of victory from him in an election contest will certainly know there was something doing before he gets through with the job.

Hon. Mr. Oliver is a forceful, convincing speaker and his speeches, delivered in the House of Parliament, always carry weight both with the Government and with the Opposition as well.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which Eddystone lighthouse stands, for at low water it is only 30 feet in diameter. At high water the base of the lighthouse which has a diameter of only a little over 28 feet, is completely covered with water.



Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior.

he decided to strike out for the Western prairies, arriving at Winnipeg in 1873, where he resided some three years. Gigantic railway projects were much discussed in those days. It was then said that the C.P.R. would use the Jasper Pass to cross the Rockies, which would necessitate the building of the road through the Edmonton district. It was then that Mr. Oliver decided to go to Edmonton and get in on the ground floor, so to speak, of what then gave promise of being an important place some day.

In the year 1876 he purchased a freighting outfit and set out for the Edmonton country. Edmonton then was a mere village under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In the following winter Mr. Oliver came back to Winnipeg by dog train. His trip to Edmonton and back again across the Western prairies convinced him that some day the entire country would be settled and he desired to take his chances in the country. He engaged in trading, making his trips to Winnipeg in summer and disposing of his goods during the winter months. His trading operations continued from 1876 to 1884. It is worthy

the rescue by carving the words "The Bulletin" out of a piece of dry birch and the paper was launched under that heading, which was afterwards changed to "The Edmonton Bulletin." The subscription was \$2 and Mr. Oliver is always pleased to say that his was the best paid-up subscription list in Canada.

Edmonton had high hopes in those days of being the St. Paul of Canada, but the hopes of the residents were dispelled when the C.P.R. decided to cross the Rockies through the Kicking Horse Pass. The boom that was on previous to this collapsed and many began to desert the town.

In 1881 Mr. Oliver married Miss Harriet Dunlop, of Prairie Grove, Manitoba, and her brother, Alex. Dunlop, joined him in his newspaper enterprise.

In 1883 they secured a better printing outfit, but when the C.P.R. changed the plans of its route Mr. Dunlop severed his connection with the Bulletin, but Mr. Oliver hung on to his paper and Edmonton with that tenacity which is characteristic of the man.

In 1883 Mr. Oliver was elected to the council of the Northwest Terri-

MONEY MAKING IN WINNIPEG REAL ESTATE

To make money in real estate in Winnipeg it isn't necessary to hold the property for years. Many people have more than doubled their money since the New Year by investing intelligently and selling again. Nor is it necessary to pay the full price; we have easy payment plans of purchasing that do not tie up much of your capital and enable you to make big profits on the amount actually invested.

Our property at River Heights is located in the most desirable residence section of Winnipeg. The growth of this city has been phenomenal and the advance in land values has been, and will be, in keeping with its development. Property in Stadsbrook Place and Crescentwood has advanced recently from \$10.00 a front foot to \$40.00. River Heights property, now selling at \$3.00 a foot, will do the same. Now is the time to purchase and make a few dollars double themselves. You need not build a house nor hold the property until you intend to move to Winnipeg to live. Simply, but at an advantageous time, and even before the property has half been paid for on our easy instalment plan, turn over your money, making one hundred, two hundred or more percent profit.

We have clients who have invested \$20.00, \$30.00, \$50.00 to \$500.00 and in a few months more than doubled their money. Their names may be obtained, and the particulars of the transactions ascertained by enquiring at our office, or we will write you if you ask. For instance, one client in January bought ten lots and paid \$300.00 cash; in April he sold them at a profit of \$500.00. Another man, living in Moose Jaw, invested in twenty lots in the same locality. He also paid \$300.00 in January at the time of purchasing. The other day he sold his lots clearing \$600.00 cash. This is being done right along.

Bargains in Building Lots, \$45 Each, Cash \$9, in Winnipeg

Balance in 6, 12, 18 and 24 months, no interest. Best Buying in the City. Buy at Ground Floor Prices. We can afford to sell at low prices because we bought this property when it was cheap in large acreage tracts.

RIVER HEIGHTS—Extension between Maryland Bridge and River Heights

Why are the lots good buying? Because of the development of this property and the new things here. A new parkway district with boulevard 150 feet wide from Cambridge Street west. A new Agricultural College surrounded with magnificent grounds. A new Ladies' College. A new Children's Aid shelter. 150 new homes to be built in River Heights during the summer. A new sewer and water system being applied for. A new Assiniboine Park, which will be the picnic grounds for the whole population. A new street, 132 feet wide, for street cars. These improvements absolutely insure a rapid increase in the value of every lot in this subdivision. Prices from \$45.00 per lot, on terms of 1-5 cash, balance 6, 12, 18 and 24 months. Call or write for plans and particulars. No need to miss a chance to make money because you don't live in Winnipeg. These are good.



Write to-day for Plans, Maps and full particulars

Howey & Borebank

36 MERCHANTS BANK
WINNIPEG, MAN. PHONE 1996

Since the appearance of the above ad., owing to the demand for property in River Heights vicinity, we have been compelled to purchase lot 52, which cost us much in excess of the previous purchase, but we have concluded to sell at former prices for the next 30 days and those wishing to get in at ground floor prices will need to move quickly.

We have no competition in our offers to buyers of our property as we guarantee to sell at a profit all properties bought of us if again listed with us or money refunded.

BETWEEN THE CHORES

JOTTINGS BY A RANCHER :: Written for The Western Home Monthly by S. P.

The "Old Judge" had an agricultural eye. This is how he describes a certain tract of land:—

"It is thirteen miles long and seven miles wide; it ain't jest drifting sand, but it's all but that, it's so barren. It's oneaven, or wavy, like the swell of the sea in a calm, and is covered with short, thin, dry, coarse grass, and dotted here and there with a half-starved birch and a stunted mis-shapen spruce. Two or three hollow places hold water all through the summer, and the whole plain is criss-crossed with cart or horse tracks in all directions. It is jest about as silent, and lonesome, and desolate a place as you would wish to see. Each side of this desert are some most royal farms—some of the best, perhaps, in the province—containing the rich lowlands under the mountain; but the plain is given up to the geese, who are so wretched poor that the foxes won't eat them, they hurt their teeth so bad. All that country thereabouts, as I have heard tell when I was a boy was onces owned by the lord, the king, and the devil. The glebe-lands belonged to the first, the ungranted wilderness-lands to the second, and the sand-plain fell to the share of the last, (and people do say the old gentleman was rather done in the division, but that is neither here nor there), and so it is called to this day "The Devil's Goose Pasture."

Here is a sample from another writer who also had an agricultural eye:—"This land consists on the surface, of green shales richly calcareous, sometimes impure shaly limestones to which succeed similar shales containing deposits of rounded nests of gypsum.

begin to cultivate the agricultural eye. The exercise will prove a very delightful mental recreation, and the knowledge that a science underlies the art of agriculture will help the embryo farmer to take more kindly to his new work. I use the phrase "embryo farmer" with no desire to offend any one. Among the new settlers I have met all sorts and conditions of men: an ironmonger, a jeweller, a bootmaker and scores of city clerks. Farming and agricultural pursuits have hitherto been far removed from their sphere of daily work. But they have crossed the Rubicon, and have burnt their boats behind them, and are now located on our fertile plains, happy in their freedom from the irksome routine of city labor and from the conventional bonds of crowded centres.

Long may this spring flood of population continue, for it is a two-fold blessing; "it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." We cannot expect the benefits to be manifest all at once. Nature declines to be hustled, and in Province-making she precipitates her beneficial results in her own good time. At present in this new Province a great deal is still held in solution, but the alchemist is at work.

If only that eager crowd brought with them a trained agricultural eye how rapidly would this Province advance. Just think what it would mean if all our homesteaders were practical farmers. Land without labor has no value, nor has labor much value if unskilled. The opportunity for skilled labor being profitably spent on land is yearly becoming greater, i.e., the de-

chalk" when this bracing country life is available? They are really happy, for undoubtedly nothing can be more exhilarating and interesting than the building up of a home on one's very

own ground. But the bustle of preparation subsides. The house is built and their small capital is pretty well exhausted. They have got 160 acres of land; they are landed proprietors and the thought of it is intensely agreeable; but they begin to realize the truth of the statement that land in itself has no value. This truth is an eye-opener. Our quondam city clerk and his wife realize that in order to live on their estate they must expend skilled labor on that estate. Now up to this point all land has to them been practically alike. "A yellow primrose 'twas to him and it was nothing more." The country to them had been a charming retreat for a Sunday evening's walk—hedge-rows and shady groves and such like. The agricultural eye had not been cultivated. But here in the Canadian West they are face to face with nature in a business relation, and their eyes are opened to the fact that land to be of value requires to be manipulated by skilled labor, and also to another fact, viz., that they are practically ignorant of the means to extract the value from the land.

In the "good old days," it was thought that anybody could be a schoolmaster. A man could always become "a dominie," when every other trade failed him. Fortunately it was discovered that teaching is an Art and the Theory of

Education a Science. At the present time it would seem that there is a popular notion that anybody can be a farmer. But farming is an art and agriculture ranks among the sciences. The ability to hitch up a team and plough a straight furrow will make a man a good ploughman, but it will not entitle him to call himself a farmer. The facilities required for success in other businesses—method, diligence, fidelity, earnestness, insight and foresight—are also required in the business of farming, and, paradoxical as it may appear, it is true that a city man bringing with him as part of his outfit a trained mind, which means the power of adapting faculties to circumstances and compelling circumstances to yield success may develop into a scientific farmer, while the practical ploughman on an adjoining section may remain a ploughman to the end. For indeed it is well said, "in every object there is inexhaustible meaning: the eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing."

An inducement: Peddler—"Want to buy an umbrella cheap?" Krankley—"No. What's the use. Everybody steals my umbrellas." Peddler—"Well, this one ain't worth stealing."



THE HOME OF J. R. SNIDER, NEAR PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.

These rest on a porous limestone beneath which again occur green and red shales, calcareous and crumbling like those above and like them forming rich wheat soils. . . . The country to the north of it is also underlaid by rocks which crumble readily and yield soils of good quality and generally rich in lime; while to the south the nature of the rocks and the agency of those causes to which the spread of drift is owing, have both contributed to the production of good grain-growing land."

At this season of the year immigrants are tumbling over each other along our trails in their eagerness to secure an infinitesimal portion of this fair Province and to start as agriculturists. One is reminded, *mutatis mutandis*, of that famous picture "The Pursuit of Pleasure." As they hurry along past our door I cannot help asking the question: How many of these have got the agricultural eye? How many in their journey towards their homesteads can distinguish alluvial deposits from an alder swamp or cariboo bog? How many of them can make an accurate diagnosis of the case before them from the symptoms of geological formation and vegetation? Fortunately it is for them that our land is not composed of 'Devil's Goose Pastures' so that they may safely locate first and afterwards

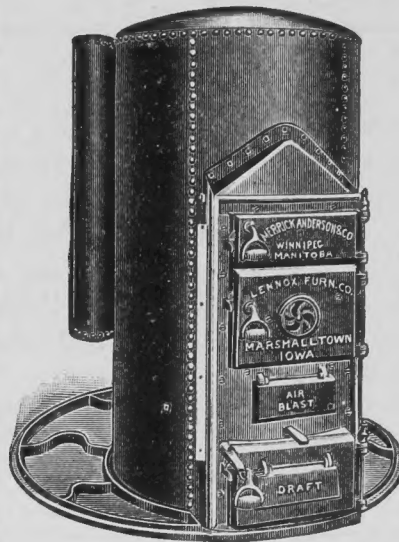
mand for the produce and the market facilities are yearly increasing. Consequently land is rising in value, and would probably be much greater were the agricultural eye more common.

It is a laudable ambition to be the absolute owner of "broad acres." The possibility of being a "landed proprietor" fascinates thousands in a country like England where the soil is the property of the few. "The Laird" and "The Squire" are by no means ordinary persons in the old country; and one can excuse the clerk, tired of quill-driving, if he dreams of a Canadian Paradise where he can be his own master, driving his team or riding his broncho. To own 160 acres of land is to the unsophisticated mind to be possessed of riches. Arrived in Calgary he obtains information sufficient for his purpose and in a short time he is off along the trail: south or north, armed with maps of certain townships in which there is still some unclaimed government land. His young wife is probably with him, prepared in her love and enthusiasm to "rough it" on the prairie. A modest house is built and a stable and the quarter section is fenced. The young couple have been busy ever since they arrived, and are happy—oh, so happy! Who would remain in the stuffy city, "perched on a three-legged stool till his bones are

The Lennox Torrid Zone

As it stands ready for the case.

Riveted like a boiler, dust proof and gas proof.



TESTIMONIALS

Mr. John Beaton, Winnipeg, says:
Torrid Zone Furnace is more economical than any furnace in my experience as a builder, last 15 years. Will burn soft coal as good as hard. It is the furnace for me.

Mr. N. Dickie, Carberry, says:
Approximately, there is a saving of more than one half the fuel. It heats fully during the coldest portion of the season.

Mr. J. G. Hester, Calgary, says:
Had no difficulty keeping warm all over the house. Coal consumption very moderate. Any practical man, in fact any man with ordinary intelligence who sees a section of the Torrid Zone can understand why it does so well. Now use the heat instead of letting it escape up the chimney.

Will Burn any kind of Coal or Wood

Catalogue giving full description now ready for mailing.

Information how to heat your new home. Write us.

Our reply will be a positive benefit to you.

NORTHWEST DISTRIBUTORS

MERRICK, ANDERSON & CO.

117 BANNATYNE AVE. EAST

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



"HIT
THE
TRAIL,"
TO

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

Portland, Ore,
June 1st to October 15th, 1905.

EXCURSION RATES via YELLOWSTONE PARK

Nature's Wonderland.

LOW RATES TO ALL POINTS.
OCEAN TICKETS.

For further information apply to
R. CREELMAN H. SWINFORD
Ticket Agent, Gen. Agent,
391 Main Street, Winnipeg.

Here are Two Money Saving Offers



OUR extensive business in the West is a testimony to the class of goods we sell, and our system of doing business. Every order we receive is promptly and carefully filled and shipped without delay. It is the duty of our large staff of expert shippers to save our patrons time in the receipt of goods bought from us, and they do their duty.

¶ The two items enumerated here are needed on every farm in Canada.

¶ The harness is made in our own workshops from carefully selected stock. Only the most skilled workmen are employed, and everything they make is carefully inspected before it is offered for sale.

¶ Our harness at our prices represents the best value obtainable. Every article and every part is backed by our guarantee—"Money refunded if not satisfied."

¶ Regarding the Stoves the same is true. They are built to our order. We have carefully studied the needs of the people in the matter of stoves, and we have no hesitation in recommending the "Canada's Pride" to the people of the West.

¶ We have other harness and other stoves at other prices; our Spring and Summer Catalogue tells about them, and it is yours for the asking.

"Canada's Pride" Range

¶ The best and least expensive perfect cooker and baker.

¶ Excels in material, workmanship, durability and economy.

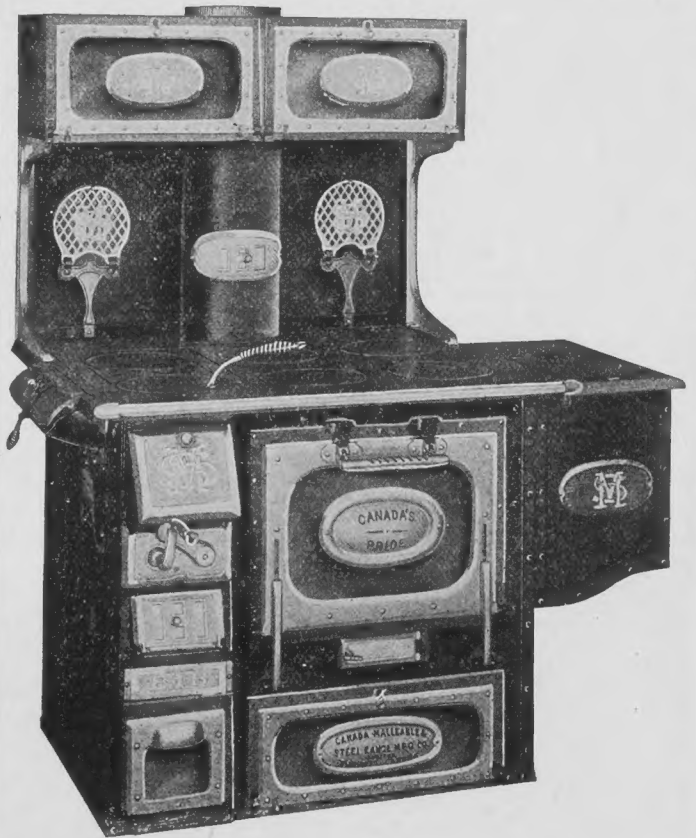
¶ Only the best polished steel and malleable iron is used in its make, and with ordinary care it will last a life time.

¶ It will burn any kind of coal or wood.

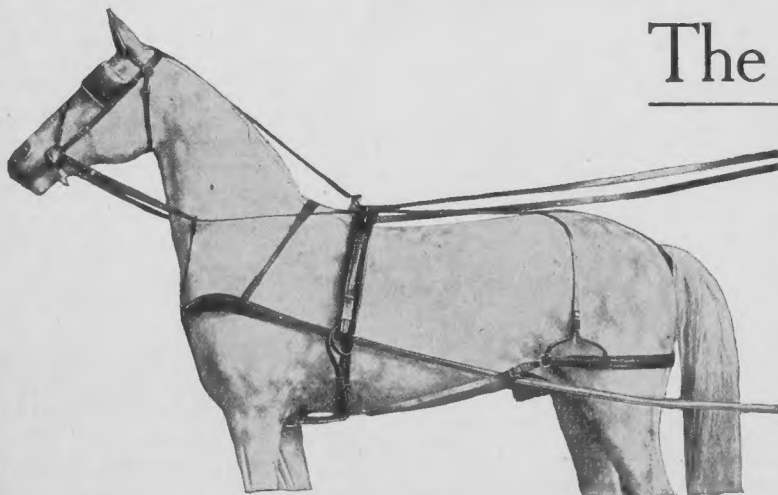
¶ The design is attractive; the surface is relieved with just enough nickeling to give it a pleasing effect. A malleable sliding ovenrack, large porch door, movable ash guard, drop oven doors, sliding malleable top, duplex grates, malleable water fronts portable flush reservoir, high closet shelf, tea brackets and asbestos lined flues add to the convenience and durability of this excellent range.

OUR PRICES

No. 818—Six 8-in. lids; dimensions of cooking surface on top 36 x 28 in.; size of oven 18 x 21 x 13 in., weight 450 lbs., square	\$57.50
With reservoir, weight 490 lbs.	62.25
No. 920—Six 9-in. cooking lids; dimensions of top cooking surface 38 x 30; size of oven 20x23x13 in., square, weight 490 lbs.	60.00
With reservoir, weight 530 lbs.	65.00



At these Prices we Prepay Charges to Winnipeg



The "Peg" Single Buggy Harness

¶ At the price there is nothing as good as the single harness here illustrated. We have referred already to the excellent stock we use in all the harness we make. This applies with particular force to this harness. It is really a special line, at a price that challenges competition. As the name would indicate it is especially constructed for the West, is of handsome appearance, strong and durable.

DESCRIPTION

¶ BRIDLE— $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch, boxed loops, fancy scrolled patent leather blinkers, with round stays, good chain front, and crystal rosettes, over or side check.

¶ LINES— $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch, with steel spring billets, half russet or all black.

¶ BREAST COLLAR—Folded, wide layer three row stitching, boxed loops.

¶ TRACES— $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch, double and stitched, buckle to breast collar.

¶ SADDLE—3-inch tree, patent leather skirt and jockey, full padded and leather lined, finest quality sewn bearers and shaft tugs.

¶ BREECHING— $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch folded seat, wide layer with three rows stitching, $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch hip strap, $\frac{7}{8}$ inch side straps, scalloped back strap, flaxseed stuffed crupper.

PRICE \$14.75

¶ BELLY BANDS—Folded inside, single strap, sulkey hitch (or wrap) outside.

¶ MOUNTINGS—Nickle on composition.

Our Motto—The greatest good
to the greatest number

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO - - CANADA

Our Testimonial — Thousands
of satisfied customers

CORRESPONDENCE.



The MAKING of the WEST WHAT WILL DO IT?

Party Freedom.

Sir—I am glad that you are now opening up in your journal a correspondence column where we can have an opportunity of comparing notes with one another in regard to the various questions that come within the range of possible help in making for the best interests of our great Northwest. I believe one thing that will help to create a sturdy race among our prairies will be to develop independent thinking. Ordinarily I will grant you the political mugwump, —the putty nosed politician—the jelly-fished voter is of the variety to call forth your contempt, but the man who has got sanity enough to do his own thinking, independent of partyism, is the hope of the future. In Great Britain to-day, the body politic is kept in good health because of the vast number of intelligent men who do their own thinking and are wedded to no party —hence it is an impossibility for either political party to hold office for 20 or 30 years, as we have seen in both the Ontario legislature and in the Dominion parliament. When party becomes so strong that it gets a cinch on the country and can hold office with impunity, then we are sure to get more or less political corruption and personal graft and have no redress from the coils. If we can only have in these prairie provinces an independent, sturdy, intelligent yeomanry, loyal to our institutions and determined to put Canada first, last and every time, we shall by and by have a country worthy of the best traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race.—VERITAS.

Stop Bribing and Begging for Immigrants.

Sir—It seems to me your request for correspondence as to what will be of advantage in building up a happy people in the Northwest is very timely.

I am not one of those who care to indulge in questions of politics, and I presume that political questions will be ruled out of the columns of your paper. However, I do think that all Northwest people ought to try and advocate those things that are likely to make for the begetting of a national sentiment. Two things we have to guard against now. One is the danger that comes from having different tongues and different religions. If the Northwest is to be our

Up with the Cross.

Sir—As one stands at the C.P.R. station in Winnipeg and sees the daily influx of people from all parts of the world, he is more than ever impressed with the necessity of having the churches awake to their duty and their opportunity. These people having left homes and friends need to be surrounded with everything that will be morally and spiritually helpful—indeed, the majority of them are waiting to have the cheer and comfort that only religion can give. If this duty is shirked or the opportunity neglected, it may be a long time before such another chance may be given. There is no greater need to-day in this great Northwest than for strenuous men of God to give gospel of the grace of God to these new comers. This I consider to be one of the great needs at this time in building up our Great West.—H. THOMPSON.

Canadian Clubs.

Sir—The daily papers are assuring us that thousands of American farmers are pouring into our Northwest and thousands more are preparing to follow. There are several reasons why this is so. One, the land in the States has become exhausted. Another, that they are feeling the pressure of the beef trust and the railway combines that dictate to them the price of the grain and the stock coming from an already exhausted soil. So they are seeking a fairer Eden in our glorious West. There is, however, a great fear that this peaceable invasion may lead to annexation sentiments being propagated and a danger accruing from this. We have more to fear from our neighbors in this respect than from any that come from Europe, because these have not had the liberty and the prosperity characteristic of the American continent. Now, it seems to me there should be a corresponding effort and enthusiasm in our public bodies and public schools in trying to deepen a loyal sentiment and strengthen ties that bind us to the British flag.

It would be a good thing to encourage the founding of Canadian clubs or Empire clubs in our towns. Those already in the Eastern provinces have been very beneficial in propagating a Canadian spirit. Societies should be formed in our public schools and opportunities given to learn

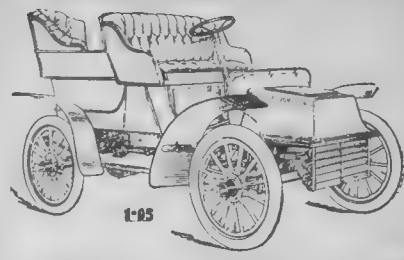
U Auto

Know by this time where the best light car in Western Canada can be obtained. It is called

The Cadillac

Known the world over as the simplest and most reliable car made.

Prices \$1025 to \$1300



Second-hand Automobiles

Knox Air Cooled	\$900	Thomas Touring Car	\$650
Old's Runabout, 1904 Model, newly painted and varnished, with new tires	700	Ford Tonneau Car	800
Old's Runabout, 1904 Model, new tires	650	Ford Tonneau Car, with brass rails, used for demonstrating last summer, as good as new, a snap	1000
Old's Runabout, 1902 Model, new tires	600	Ford Runabout	950

These cars have all been overhauled in our shop and are now as good as new.

ALSO AGENTS FOR

THE FAMOUS FRENCH CAR

THE DARRACQ

Prices \$2700 to \$4000

Pearson Gasoline Launches, Orient Buckboards

Massey Harris and Rambler Bicycles

Write us regarding any of the above lines.

McCULLOCH & BOSWELL

Cor. Hargrave and Ellice Sts.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

bear those creatures in their homes; I couldn't. But what are we to do? All the ladies of my acquaintance are asking the same question. This is surely the problem of the West.—FORT GARRY.

There will be doubtless many who come from the older nations of Europe that have not been accustomed to our advanced temperance habits. It would be unfortunate should their ideas and ways find lodgment in their own children.—R. LYON.

Temperance Men Forward.

Sir—In order to secure a prosperous and stable people in Western Canada we must see to it that temperance sentiments are propagated and temperance habits cultivated. There has been in all sections of Canada, if not among all the British speaking race, a wonderful advance in temperance sentiment during the last 20 years. There has been a great gain and has added materially to the prosperity and happiness of the people. The principles must not only be conserved but advanced.

Make Your Own Perfume

TAN-YAN is an exquisite lasting perfume, very popular among society women and the exclusive smart set. We have concentrated its delightful fragrance in tablet form and will send you enough to make two ozs. for 25c. You can prepare economically, at home, this dainty fragrant perfume. The usual price of this quantity of high grade perfume would be no less than \$1.50; but the delightfully sweet TAN-YAN cannot be obtained except from us.

TAN-YAN PERFUMERIES
Dept. 26 409 West Broadway, N.Y. City

THE OLD HOME OF
ALEX. LARIMORE, RUSSELL, MAN.

permanent home, then there should be a fervent desire to cultivate a common speech so that there will be a common channel of communicating thought. The policy of the immigration department ought to be as far as possible to break up in sections the incoming people, instead of having them in colonies and perpetuating difficult little foreign communities in this new land, with widely different prejudices and passions. The time has ceased when Canada should go begging for a population, and surely the time has ceased when we should grant special privileges and special charters to sects and sections of churches and countries to keep up separation rather than build up a national life.

With thanks for the privilege of saying this word, I am, yours, TOM JONES.

Englishmen Need not Apply.

Sir—I am an Englishman, and since "coming west" have observed that Canadians do not think as highly of English people as we might reasonably expect them to do. Moreover, they tell me that Englishmen are even disliked in this country, and preference is given to foreigners. Am I rightly informed? I cannot think for a moment that I am. Surely Canadian people know how much they are indebted to England for their present position and prosperity. Will some of your readers tell me I am mistaken?—JUST ARRIVED.

and sing patriotic songs, and prizes should be given for essays by the pupils on those subjects that will tend to inspire loyal sentiment in the young scholar. If we can succeed in deepening the spirit of loyalty in our children, it will be a long day before annexationism can find root among the people of our newer provinces.—WILLIAM McLEAN.

Where Can I get a Servant Girl?

Sir—I am aware that the West has many needs, and feel a little hesitation in stating what I look upon as the most urgent. Yet I think I shall venture my pet suggestion. It is this, girls to perform domestic service. How can we get along without them? It is out of the question for us women to do our own work. We have so many calls to make and social functions to attend, to say nothing of the worry and work incidental to entertaining the friends of our husbands. I cannot imagine why girls prefer to work in stores when they could have good homes and good wages. I feel sure the immigration authorities do not give this subject the attention it deserves. Why don't the newspapers take the matter up more than they do? If we cannot get servant girls from England, could we not get them from Ontario and Quebec? Some friends of mine who visited the coast tell me that Chinamen are employed in some British Columbia homes as domestics. I do not know how they can



MR. LARIMORE'S PRESENT RESIDENCE.

Navigation on the Saskatchewan

An Interesting Interview with Capt. Deacon, of Prince Albert.

A representative of The Western Home Monthly, having been present at the banquet to celebrate the incorporation of Prince Albert as a city, and hearing, among other speakers, Captain Deacon make some remarks about the Saskatchewan river, called on him the next day. After our representative had explained the object of his visit, Captain Deacon expressed his willingness to give any information at his command that would be of interest to the public.

In answer to the question as to what length of time he had resided in the district, the captain replied that he had been in Prince Albert and vicinity for the past twenty-eight years.

"What was the cause of the migration towards this country at that time?"

"The grasshopper plague in Manitoba in the early '70's, when the crops were destroyed three times within six years. Some of the older settlers from Headingly, knowing of the Saskatchewan valley and that the grasshoppers had never troubled this portion of the Northwest, sold out and moved to Saskatchewan.

"Such a move was surely a big undertaking in those days of poor travelling facilities?"

"Oh! It was only five hundred miles and there was always the trail and a Red river cart. We simply loaded our outfits on the carts, hit the trail and got here. In our case leaving Winnipeg by the Portage trail, and continuing on for thirty-five days, our backs to the rising sun, driving our carts into the eye of the setting sun, we arrived on the banks of the North Saskatchewan, on the site of the present City of Prince Albert."

"You say there were no steamboats in those days. Were you the first to build a boat on this river?"

"No; the Hudson's Bay Company built a boat named the 'Lily,' about the year '76, I think. They were followed, a few years after, by the Winnipeg and Northwest Transportation Co., who operated a line of boats from Selkirk to Grand Rapids via Lake Winnipeg, then up the Saskatchewan

"Although the river drains a vast tract of country, rainfall appears to have but little effect upon the volume of water, the



"The Alberta."

currents being very rapid. The highest stage of water comes in the hot summer months, when the snow melts in the mountains. Then a sudden rise of from three to five feet may occur at any time. We

driven my boat alongside of River Street, the cabin above street level.

"As the water falls in the autumn, navigation is very difficult, the river being impeded by boulders and sand bars. It is then we have to work—steam winches, jack-spars and tackle all working to get the boat over sand bars, sometimes several times in a day.

"Prince Albert is situated about midway between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains. The country to the north is densely covered with timber. There are two good streams flowing from the north and joining the Saskatchewan in the vicinity



"The Marquis."

During the Riel rebellion, 1885, she carried stores from Prince Albert to Fort Pitt for use of the troops.

to Edmonton, calling at way ports. They had four large boats, stern-wheelers, and for several years, until the arrival of the railway in 1890, did a large business. Upon the completion of the road to Prince Albert they had to lay up several of their boats, but they kept the 'Northwest' running until about three years ago, when she was swept away by high water at Edmonton and broke up on the bridge, becoming a total wreck.

"I built a boat, the 'Josie,' in the year 1890, and worked her in the vicinity of Prince Albert up to this last season, when I replaced her by the 'Pathfinder,' built in 1903. My son, coming into partnership with me this season, we built another, the 'Marion.' Our business is principally rafting and towing of logs to the saw-mills.

"This past season there were three other boats built at Prince Albert, one for a fishing company was built at the town and floated down the river to get her machinery in; the 'Saskatchewan,' built by the Hudson's Bay Company, a stern-wheeler, and the 'Alberta,' built by Captains Coates and Mosher. The two last-named boats are cabined and fitted up for passenger traffic as well as freight, and are run to up-river ports.

"Prince Albert is well situated for the boat-building industry, having abundance of timber near at hand and being the headquarters of the lumber industry of the Northwest; also having among her citizens men who have proved their ability to build boats second to none.

"As to the river, you see by a glance at the map that it takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, flows from West to East, a distance of about one thousand miles, then it discharges through the Grand Rapids into Lake Winnipeg. For the greater part of its course it is about one thousand feet in width, but in the upper reaches, above Carlton, it widens out in places to as much as a half mile and contains a great number of islands and sandbars.

have had occasional rises of from twelve to twenty-two feet at Prince Albert, which means twice that height at Edmonton. The banks at Prince Albert, at winter level, are twenty-six feet above the ice; yet I have seen the water so high that I have

of Prince Albert. They are used to bring the logs down in the spring to the saw-mills of the city where they are manufactured into lumber etc., and shipped by boat and rail to the prairie sections of the Northwest.

"Immediately below Prince Albert we have the rapids known as Coal Falls, where the river narrows down and rushes with great force between high banks. These rapids, I think, will yet be utilized to supply electrical power to the City of Prince Albert. Farther down, at the Grand Rapids, where the river rushes through a gorge in the limestone formation, there is sufficient power going to waste to grind all the wheat that could be grown in the Saskatchewan valley, and as the rapids lie in the direct route of the future Hudson's Bay railroad, I have no doubt they will yet be utilized to manufacture flour to be exported to Europe."

"Do you find the Indian pilots the best?"

"As for Indians, they have a good memory for landmarks. When they learn a channel they can keep in it, but, as the shifting sand often fills the channel with which the pilot is familiar, I do not find him any better than a white man in finding the new channel. I have had considerable to do with the Indian on the river, on the trail and in the camp. I have worked with him, travelled with him and know him pretty well and, I think, that what an Indian can do, a white man can do and do it better.

"When I first commenced running on the North Saskatchewan, fifteen years ago, having had some experience in deep water in the East, I started out, confident that I could steer a boat. The river looked all the same to me, but in the very first trip I struck a sand bar so hard that it took us a day, with the aid of a powerful wind-

(Continued on page 16).



"The Saskatchewan."

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are of vital interest to girls, boys, men and women. This is the age when all should be enlightened. Ignorance is the curse which is driving more young and old to ruin than anyone realizes. One of these books may be the cause of your physical salvation. In any case, it is inestimable value at the price.

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What the World is Saying

THE STEADY AND EVER INCREASING
STREAM of immigration from the United States to Canada has made many Americans fondly ask if this is the thin edge of the annexation wedge. Indeed, to some prophets without vision, the subject has passed the bounds of possibility, and entered the realm of certainty. One writer, representative of many, commenting on the exodus, says: "From all this it would seem that the annexation of Canada by pacific means is only a question of time."

It is some years now since the Canadian people heard the annexation idea speak with a voice loud enough to be heard above the din of other interests. Even Mr. Goldwin Smith, its loudest prophet and most ardent sympathizer, has confined himself lately to intermittent mutterings.

So far as Canada is concerned, annexation is a dead issue. The commercial and other interests existing between the two countries will, no doubt, grow; but that annexation will be the final consummation of these relations is a vanishing hope. Canada has other aims. The national thought has captivated her. She is rapidly taking her position as a nation. Many of the ties which have bound her to England must necessarily be broken as she moves towards independence. That she will transfer her affections and her allegiance to the United States is the expectation of those profoundly ignorant of Canadian sentiment.

LOVERS OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY have deeply sympathized with the United Free Church people in their fight against the decision of the House of Lords. The matter has been aggravated lately by a piratical aggressiveness on the part of the Wee Frees. They gather a handful of discontented people together, and by appeals to the lowest motives boldly claim church buildings owned by large and influential congregations. Rev. Dr. Whyte, a well-known Free Church divine, recently said: "To be cast out of a church that your brothers and yourselves had built by your hard-won earnings; a church in which you have enjoyed so many days of heaven upon earth under an able and evangelical ministry, and now it has come to this, that you are compelled to lift your Bible and pass out of your own church into the street, and that at the demand of men who were your fellow-worshippers and your fellow-communicants till yesterday."

Principal Rainy, commenting on the new aspect of the subject, says: "As things stand at present, it would appear that a group of people of any previous ecclesiastical connection, if they declare themselves Free Church and are recognized as such by the Free Church advisory committee, may successfully claim any of our churches and may evict any of our congregations, however numerous and devoted."

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WHAT THE IMMIGRATION of the American farmer to Canada is causing uneasiness across the line is evident from the amount of discussion over the subject in the American press and periodicals. The Seattle Daily News has an able paper on the subject. It says: "The invasion of Canada by the United States is no mere figure of speech. For years our farmers and cattlemen have been quietly moving north of the forty-ninth parallel in a steady stream, which for the last five years has attained a volume and importance worthy of serious consideration."

THE COMING OF THE AMERICAN FARMER.

The reason for the trek is that the trusts have their grip on the American agriculture as they have on almost all other branches of industry. "Chief among the reasons given by cattlemen is that the beef trust has for years had him in its net, and he has to sell his cattle at their price. The farmer was also in the clutches of several other trusts and railway combines, and he found, despite the promised help of interstate commerce laws, and state railway commissions, that every year found him more firmly held in the grip of monopolies."

The writer deplores the loss to the Republic of citizens of the stamp of these farmers who have transformed the Western prairies into an agricultural empire.

The writer deplores the loss to the Republic of citizens of the stamp of these farmers who have transformed the Western prairies into an agricultural empire.

IT IS THE FATE OF THE MISSIONARY to work in the shadows of national life, and to be a silent, though potent force in the building of that life. But at last his work is being prized at its true value.

THE MISSIONARY AS A NATION BUILDER.

This is largely due to the philosophic historian, who has not failed to see the importance of the service rendered by the unassuming missionary, and with unstinted hand deals out the praise which is his due. Western Canada owes much to the missionary. So says the Manitoba Scotsman: "Among the forces at play in building up Western Canada, none are doing better or more important work than the pioneer missionaries and preachers of the various churches, who are devoting their lives to laying those foundations upon which alone a nation can build with any prospect of permanency." It is to be sincerely hoped that present Canada will rise to a proper appreciation of the great work her missionaries and clergy are doing, and not leave the ages to come the necessary, though sad task, of placing the flowers on the graves of men which we neglected to place in their hands.

IN ITS EDITORIAL on Philanthropy and Facts the Calgary Herald has spoken the thoughts of all interested in the growth of Western Canada, and the happiness of those who make it their home. Its treatment of the Salvation Army colonization scheme displays insight and impartiality. It asks: "What chance have these children of the city streets, reduced by hopeless struggle with poverty in its dreariest form, in competition with the brain and brawn of the man of the new world? Those who succeed will be the exception. The examples of failures in the West today are largely confined to this type of men."

The writer thinks "one brawny son of the Highlands of Scotland, one Englishman inured to the hardships of old world farming, one Ontario boy, who has been nursed upon the bracing air of the new world—all of them—are set a fast pace. They run a mile while the products of these congested districts are pulling their boots on." These words are wise. There seems to be a growing disposition on the part of philanthropic societies to regard Canada as a providentially ordained sewerage system to cleanse European cities of their degenerates.

Dr. Osler has been severely criticised for his views about life after forty and sixty, but young people would do well to read a recent speech of his on the "Master Word." The master word is "work." The doctor calls it "the open sesame to every portal, the great equalizer in the world, the true philosopher's stone, which transmutes all the base metal of humanity into gold. The stupid man among you it will make bright, the bright man brilliant, and the brilliant student steady. With the magic word in your heart, all things are possible, and without it all study is vanity and vexation. To the youth it brings hope, to the middle-aged confidence, to the aged repose."

Life's reckoning days come with the proverbial sureness of death and taxes. Nature gives us every chance, and will now and then be staved off with a note, but a note is not payment. The day comes when we must pay up. Dr. Osler's master word applied will bring us to our reckoning days with full hands and smiling faces.

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THE MASTER WORD.

Life's reckoning days come with the proverbial sureness of death and taxes. Nature gives us every chance, and will now and then be staved off with a note, but a note is not payment. The day comes when we must pay up. Dr. Osler's master word applied will bring us to our reckoning days with full hands and smiling faces.

A VERY GRATIFYING FEATURE of Northwest journalism is its desire to see the country grow along lines that are not purely materialistic. Much attention is devoted to the cultivation of a true home life, the planting of trees, benefits of religion, and other kindred subjects.

THE MAKING OF THE WEST.

The Western Home Monthly wishes to be identified with the good work, and with this end in view has opened a correspondence page entirely devoted to topics which deal with "the making of the West." Through this medium many valuable suggestions will be given by people engaged in every walk of life.



CANADIAN NORTHERN BRIDGE AT CLARK'S CROSSING, SASK.

Its length, including approaches, is 1,675 feet; length of steel work, 1,080 feet; carrying capacity for two 153 ton consolidation engines followed by train load of 4,200 lbs. per lineal foot; height above low water, 90 feet; tops of piers, 50 feet above water mark; actual time of work in building, about one year.

New Home of J. J. H. McLean & Co. Limited.

J. J. H. McLean & Co., Ltd., have for some time felt the need of more up-to-date and commodious piano parlors, and the proud ambition to have the largest piano and organ house in Western Canada has now been realised in the spacious new quarters, which will be occupied by the 15th of next month. An addition to the old quarters, 530 Main Street, has been made, with 28 feet frontage and a depth of 132 feet, making a total frontage on Main Street of 50 feet. In these enlarged quarters the firm will be better able to keep pace with western progress, and to maintain the enviable position as wholesale and retail dealers in pianos and organs that it has already attained.

The upper portion of the building will be furnished for offices, while the ground floor and the basement will be occupied by the firm. With a depth of 132 feet, ample space will be afforded for an effective arrangement, and both the parlors and the workshops will be models of their kind. At the rear end of the first floor there will be an elevation 45 feet in depth, where the piano parlors will be, four in number, and of most artistic finish, with spacious mirrors opposite. The organ parlors will be in the basement, as well as the repair shop, the polishing rooms and the varnishing room, where the firm will make a specialty of all kinds of repairing, by men who are adepts in their line.

The officers of this immense concern are: J. W. Kelly, president; J. Redmond, vice-president; W. J. Ross, secretary-treasurer. All are men of special ability in the musical line, and to whose energy much of the progress is due.—Winnipeg Telegram, April 15, 1905.



Gigantic Removal Sale

We expect to move into our new piano and organ warerooms about May 15th, and for the next 30 days we will offer

OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF Pianos and Organs at Slaughter Prices

We have more than enough new goods coming to fill our new store and we must clear out our present stock. Remember these goods must go, even at a loss. We have a great many slightly used pianos and organs, including Heintzman & Co. pianos, Dominion pianos, Bell pianos and organs, and Sherlock-Manning organs. Some of these are just like new. Remember the manufacturer's guarantee as well as our guarantee goes with every instrument. By our method of selling, our out-of-town customers can order by mail as safely as by a personal visit. We offer a number of different plans of payment, and sell you the instrument at our net price free from all agents commission. We personally select your instrument and ship it to your home with the guarantee that if it fails to please you, return it at our expense. This is absolutely the greatest slaughter in prices we have ever made. A post card will bring you catalogue and price list. Below is a list of a few of our second-hand goods. We have many others, too numerous to mention.

PIANOS

	Original Price	Now
Wormwith & Co., Upright Grand, used in wareroom only	\$350	\$300
New Bell	450	400
Dominion spec. Exhibition style	450	375
Chickering & Sons, Boston, Upright	650	285
Decker Bros.	550	250
Emmerson Square, finished front and back	450	150
Gale & Sons, Concert Grand	600	100

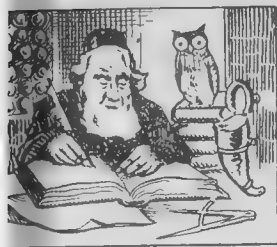
Every instrument thoroughly repaired by our expert workmen.

ORGANS

	Original Price	Now
Six Octave piano-case Bell, nearly new	\$140	\$85
Five " high-top Bell	115	65
Five " Dominion	125	49
Five " Doherty	110	45
Five " "	110	35

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THE PHILOSOPHER

READERS OF THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY will notice several new features in this month's issue. The aim of the publishers is to produce a monthly which every Western home will welcome. It will supply in concise form, thoroughly up-to-date thought, and in character be clean and wholesome. A journal for the West should deal with Western problems; being aware of this, the publishers have opened with this issue a correspondence department through which the needs of our growing country will find a voice. The title of the department is "The Making of the West," and the columns of the journal are open to all who have a genuine contribution to make. A young and growing country has of necessity many needs. What are they? Write and send them to us, so that all may be helped by your bright ideas.

A FEW WEEKS AGO the entire Dominion was in a state of explosive indignation over the educational clauses of the proposed Autonomy Bill. Then came the compromise. The compromise has been the "dope" to stifle the patriotic sensibilities of the people and their representatives. The recalcitrant members of the West are now again in line with the government policy, and even the Toronto Globe, which on this question deserted the party, by recent articles gives unmistakable signs of coming recantation. But what is the difference between the bill and the compromise? Practically there is none, except in the word "compromise." Compromise in this connection is void of content. The Autonomy Bill promises two things: the maintenance of separate schools in Alberta and Saskatchewan forever, and that these schools be entitled to the same government support in money as the public schools. The change made by the compromise is that the separate schools shall be entitled to government money only as they comply with the regulations of the Northwest Territories in regard to the present separate schools. This is a distinction without a difference, and should not serve western representatives as an excuse to lower the standard of their independence.

SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND has done signal service to the Canadian bookseller in calling attention to the high postage charged on English periodicals. From his speech we learn that the rate for newspapers, magazines and periodicals from England to Canada is eight cents per pound, and the rate from the United States is one cent per pound. This leaves the Canadian bookseller at a great disadvantage in the race with his American competitor, as he must charge nine cents per pound to distribute his goods, while the United States bookseller places his wares on the market for three cents per pound. Sir George rightly says "The bookstalls of this country are monopolized by American literature and periodicals; and that the appearance of an English or Canadian example is a rare exception." Every loyal Canadian will thank Sir George for calling attention to this serious injustice. If one wishes to consult the first-class English periodicals he must pay a big price for them, or go to a public library and take a precarious chance of getting a glimpse—a study is out of the question. But the worst evil of the present situation is that our country is flooded with American ideas and influences, which are not always in keeping with Canadian sentiment.

FOR AN HOUR OR TWO every week we yield ourselves to the spell of the man in the pulpit. We sit in silence while he attempts to mould us to his pattern of manhood. But very often our silence is deceptive; quietness is not quiescence, it is often critical. We have ceased to regard the preacher as an authority in all things in heaven and earth. If he is ignorant, no amount of ecclesiastical cloth will cover his ignorance. When he enters the kingdom of commerce, with little knowledge of its complex conditions, and denounces it with the cock-sure style of "Frenzied Finance," the business man may smile benevolently, or take sittings in another church. That pastor who undertakes in thirty minutes' to solve the economical problems of a century, creates sympathy for the social reformer who indignantly affirms that sky pilots should care for the things of the sky and leave the earth to be steered by more skilful navigators. But for all that we love the man in the pulpit. There is no one more kindly received, more easily forgiven, more honored and respected. Why? Because there is a conviction in the minds of the majority of us that the minister is always on the side of justice and the things that make for righteousness.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER is more valuable than correct in his tirade against the school system of the United States. The fact is, the Republic owes her greatness and prosperity to her national schools; without them she could not be a nation. Where is the country that has the absorbing power of the United States? Every year immigrants come to her in thousands, but their coming does not rob her of her vitality. Instead she baptises them into the spirit of her free institutions and the old world dross clinging to them goes to the bottom. The American school is the most potent force at her command to work this transformation. It is strange that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is temperamentally a seer, cannot perceive the decay of national esprit de corps which would inevitably follow were his system of separate schools put into operation. Immigrants need to forget the past and labor with Canadians to build up a nation free from the accumulated bandages of past ages. The mission of Canada is not to perpetuate the iniquitous systems of European countries. It is to give everyone coming to her shores the opportunity of making a contribution to a national life in which the best interests of all are served.

ONE OF THE CRYING NEEDS of our western country is a university, properly equipped to give scientific instruction to specialists. This the college cannot do, because of the enormous cost of scientific apparatus. The college is necessary, and its course in classics, mathematics, philosophy and other academic subjects will always be the foundation of a liberal education. But while these subjects give poise and polish, they do not enable the student to meet the demands of advancing civilization. Western men in particular, should have the fullest instruction in engineering, electricity, chemistry, geology and mineralogy, and only a great university, with plenty of money to back it, can teach these subjects as they should be taught.

At the present time, McGill is the only university in Canada which can hold out attractions to students seeking special training in the subjects named. This she can do because of the munificence of Lord Strathcona and Sir Wm. Macdonald. But McGill is in the far east—almost beyond the pale of our interest. Manitoba University is little more than an examining body for a number of affiliated denominational colleges,

It is true that it has a building and teaches two or three subjects, but it is not in the class of McGill, Yale, Harvard or Chicago. The West must have a university in practice, not in theory. Let our educational prophets open their eyes to this vision and preach it as a new crusade.

THE DAILY PRESS of the old land has departed from its usual practice of giving scant space to religious topics and has been publishing without stint news from revival centres. It has been forced to do so on account of the wide spread interest the United Kingdom is exhibiting in spiritual matters. Wales, London, Liverpool, Leeds and many other places are feeling the thrill of a new experience. But the interest is not confined to Great Britain. From the United States comes the news of vast meetings full of soul-stirring power. Chicago, Southern California, Louisville, Ky., are aglow with a fire divine. The revivals are ethical too. This is good news. The objection to most movements of like character is that sentiment and ecstasy dominate all other interests. In the present crusades there is sentiment, but it does not evaporate. It is a regeneration which is followed by reformation. The jails are almost empty, the saloons cease to be the places of public haunt, and the magistrates have time to catch up with back work. Fathers and mothers are realizing for the first time what the responsibilities of parenthood are, and are taking up those responsibilities with the joy of a new discovery. We cannot have too many of these revivals.

FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS the state-ly park and humble corner lot will be the scenes of conflicts fierce and sometimes bloody. Sport will be king. We want, in our crowded cities and fast age much of a genuine physical culture. The mission of outdoor games is to fit us to perform the duties of life with pleasure and skill; and it is a healthy sign of the times that so many take an interest in one or more of the sports which minister to the building of a robust manhood. But there are too many who do not actually participate in the games; their interest begins and ends in the play as seen from the grand stand. The player gets the money and the muscle; the spectator does the paying and the applauding; that is, he pays the other fellow to take the exercise he should take himself. The professional provides mental interest, but not muscular effort. This is not meant as a condemnation of professional sport, but rather to point out one of its dangers. Watching a game is not as healthy as playing it. The professional games played in the amphitheatre was the beginning of the end of Rome's greatness; the coming of the gladiator was the passing of the Roman.

FROM A SUPERFICIAL GLANCE at the comic papers we had gathered that the cup of Hooligan's happiness was full to the brim; current literature, however, has dispelled the illusion. With arguments drawn from many sources and fortified by an array of startling figures, Hooligan is proved to be anything but the joyful being we had imagined. Who is Hooligan? He is vice and filth personified. He is rags and wretchedness articulated—is the product of the slum, the outcast of a selfish commercialism. The problem confronting reformers is "what shall be done to Hooligan?" The war office sent him to the front; but he was weak and anaemic and failed as a fighter. The socialist would make him happy by bathing his body and changing his surroundings, but Hooligan has an insuperable objection to water—inside and out. On the other hand the church maintains with the persistency of a great conviction that Hooligan's heart is the seat of his disease. Change his heart and he'll be happy. So the debate goes on. The test of a nation's moral greatness is its ability to make Hooligan happy. For the present it is refreshing to hear the leaders of church and state ask "What shall we do with Hooligan?" "Am I my brother Hooligan's keeper?"

lass rigged on shore, to take her off. We got up steam, made another little run, landed again about mid-stream and stayed there all night. After a few such trips I happened to come across a few of my friends in an argument. Hearing my name mentioned, I joined them just in time to find that he discussion was whether or not I knew where the sand bars were. One closed the argument by declaring, 'Well, he



Interior of "The Marquis."

ought to know, for he's been on them all!" "How can you tell, when the sand bars are submerged, the depth of water flowing over them?" "I can no more explain that, than you



"The Marion."

can explain how you can read print. This knowledge grows on one. It comes from long practice, and signs, which in time become familiar, but are not easy of description."

Poultry Notes.

Don't overcrowd the pullet pens if you want them to be profitable winter egg producers. As the pullets approach the egg-producing period be careful not to have them too fat. The Standard recognizes eight varieties of ducks, the Peking being the latest and most popular. Charred corn should be given to the fowls occasionally. It aids digestion.



"The Pathfinder."

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Carnegie, a Peace President.

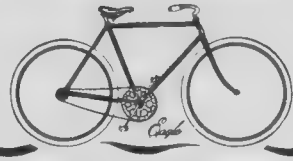
Steps are being taken, "for the good of humanity and the promotion of peace throughout the world," for the creation of a board of arbitration for the settlement of disputes between capital and labor in Pittsburg, or in other words, the formation of a peace society. The great Andrew Carnegie approves of the move and is slated for president. Dr. Levy, who is forcing the movement, says:—"It is the purpose of the society to develop public sentiment by means of public meetings. We propose to have a weekly paper or magazine to assist in carrying on the work; to introduce the

peace question in the schools, offering prizes for competitive essays on peace, while the offer of a large sum will be made to the writer of a novel for children dealing with arbitration and peace, and the appointment of an annual peace day by the state and national authorities to be celebrated as are other holidays.

"Another feature will be the introduction of peace toys instead of the toys of war among children, and thus teach them from the earliest possible age that peace is right. It is also proposed to bring about as speedily as possible a treaty of arbitration between the United States and England.

"I am in a position to say that one person stands ready to offer \$1,000 as an award for a novel dealing with the peace question as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' dealt with slavery."

T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.



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C. W. CLARK, M.D. CHAS. M. SIMPSON, Financial Agent

IN previous issues we have made you acquainted with this Company, its aims, object and business, and explained that in order to take care of the enormous demand for loans, the directors authorized a further issue of permanent stock. While this has met with a ready sale, there are still a few thousand dollars' worth to be had at par, and now is the time to subscribe. Don't wait until the stock is selling at a premium.

The Winnipeg business and professional men have subscribed liberally. We now wish to reach all those throughout the country who have a little money to invest in a safe undertaking at a good rate of interest. Many people make it a point to invest a few hundreds or thousands outside of their regular business, where it will always be handy as a nest egg. This is the class of people we desire to reach. Empire Loan stock will appeal to them at once.

The shares are \$100 each, payable in full or in convenient instalments. Send in your subscriptions to the Company without delay.

APPLICATION FOR PERMANENT STOCK

I..... of hereby apply for..... shares of the Permanent Stock of the Empire Loan Co. of the par value of \$100 each. I enclose herewith 5 per cent. with application and agree to pay the balance as follows:—

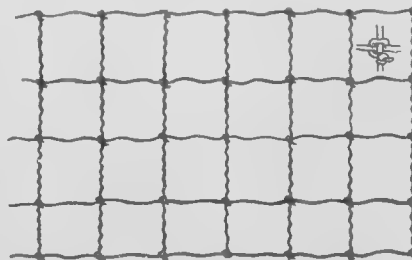
Dated at..... this..... day of

Witness:..... Signature.....

..... Address.....

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At once, salesman in Manitoba and N.W.T., to represent "Canada's Greatest Nurseries." Biggest assortment of hardy fruits, ornamental and shade trees, recommended by experimental stations at Brandon and Indian Head. Big inducements to energetic men; pay weekly. Special new outfit designed for Western men, free. Season now starting. Write now for terms.

STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto

CANCER!

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Cancer Cure, requests anyone suffering with Cancer to write him. Two days' treatment will cure any Cancer, external or internal. R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Man.



ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

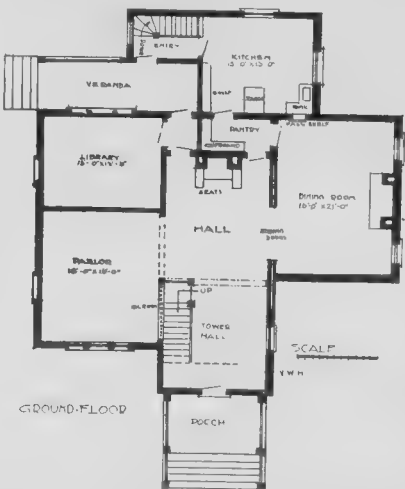
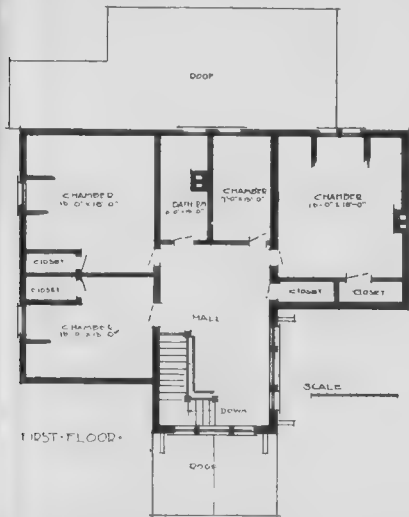
Upon entering the hall you have your first impression of the house, and this impression remains. Our hall would give a very good effect. Immediately before you is the archway and stair screen. Looking through the archway you have a vista of the comfortable fireplace with its seats. All about the hall is birch panelling, stained a green tone, above which is a red burlap. The floor is polished hardwood, and covered with rugs. A few good pictures and solid, substantial furniture give an appearance of cosiness and comfort that will remain in your mind long after you have left the house. Where the screen stops, there could

it in keeping with the hall. A few good pictures on the wall will give life to the room. The library or den should be fitted with shelves, and the tones kept very quiet—low toned greens without any pattern to distract the eye. Keep the book-cases low and have a substantial table with a few good chairs. The dining-room is of course an important room in any house. Many people use the dining-room as a sitting-room, and when we consider that a great deal of our social life is spent in the dining-room, it should have a very prominent position in the planning. The fireplace at once gives a certain amount of finish. There



be used to good advantage a rich hanging, a tapestry or velour, anything, in fact, to take away the openness at this point. The drawing-room is capable of many treatments. If used entirely for a reception room, white enamelled wood work is the most appropri-

ate, using a delicate greenish tone throughout the papers and furnishings. In this design I think the most effective treatment would be to stain all the woodwork and have



stone built up to the first storey, and above this, either plaster and shingle, or plaster and siding, stained a yellowish shade. Probable cost about \$10,000.00.

ate, using a delicate greenish tone throughout the papers and furnishings. In this design I think the most effective treatment would be to stain all the woodwork and have

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Manager.

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SCOTT

strong heavy frames, reversible velour cushions, that are regular good value at \$9.50, as a test for this ad. at (packed f.o.b.) **\$6**
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246 Princess Street
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\$30⁰⁰ Church Money

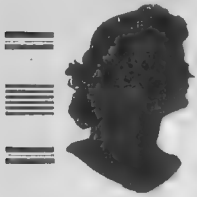
No Investment. No Risk. Send No Money.

If you wish to raise money quickly and easily for any church purpose, send us the photographs of your church and your pastor, and we will reproduce them, together, in carbon photography, on 200 satin finished, aluminum pin trays, and send trays to you express and duty fully prepaid. Everybody wants this exquisite souvenir of church and pastor, and your members quickly sell them at 25c each. You keep \$30 for your profit and send us \$20 in full payment for the 200 souvenirs. Send photographs (any size) and names to-day. **Send no money.** Your workers will sell all the souvenirs in ten days, as hundreds of others have, and you can send us our money any time within a month. **Write and learn success of others.**

NEW METHOD CO., B. C., Feb. 7th, 1905.
ALBANY, N. Y., December 12, 1904.
New Method Co. The souvenirs were taken off our hands at Sunday-school and after church. The demand exceeded the supply. Send us more at once.

REV. OSCAR KRAUCH.
Free Sample Tray on Request.

NEW METHOD COMPANY, (Money-raising Plans for Church Workers,) 5567 South Park Avenue, Chicago.



MUSIC AND DRAMA

To the many readers of The Western Home Monthly we now make our bow, hoping to be able to supply something of interest and profit to each and every one and to, in some degree, assist through this department in making this magazine "a family journal devoted to all that prove sufficiently clear."

To this end we purpose devoting a portion of this department to "a sketch of the history of music" from the earliest periods of which we have any definite knowledge up to the present, as both an art and a science. Another portion we shall devote to something practical in music, something to enable the person who is fond of music (which we believe includes nearly everyone), but who has not, for lack of opportunity or otherwise, been able to satisfy that taste—to enable, we repeat, such persons to learn something about music, that will increase their ability to understand and enjoy music, heard and seen. This must needs be, in the space at our disposal, rather suggestive than exhaustive; but inasmuch as what might prove sufficiently clear

and exhaustive to one individual could be quite the reverse to another, regardless of the length, it seems better to present merely suggestions to be worked out and assimilated by each individual according to his or her own needs. This, however, we wish our readers to bear in mind, that we are always ready to amplify for any reader, what we fail to make clear in the first instance and shall be much pleased to receive and answer any questions relative to the matter we are endeavoring to elucidate, subject to the rules subsequently stated here. This brings us to the third division, and we hope a fruitful one, of this department, namely, the question and answer department. We shall be pleased to answer any questions upon music that anyone is sufficiently interested to ask, provided always, that such queries are addressed to the Musical Editor of The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man., and the name and address of the writer are enclosed therewith.

A Sketch of the History of Music.

The chronology of music is synchronous with that of man. Music

is one of man's mediums of expression and for the fully developed individual is as necessary a medium as speech for the expression of all his moods and thoughts. Hence we believe music originated at the creation, "when all stars sang together," and that our first parents were rivals of the birds in singing their emotions in their delectable home before the fall.

The first record we can find of music, or rather of the instruments of music, is in Genesis chap. 4, 21, and this is a reference to the harp and organ, but we feel certain that instrumental music could in no wise precede vocal.

That the Hebrews were a very musical and music-loving race seems plain from the evidence of the Psalms, and the ancient Egyptians

ten-stringed instrument—a sort of improved harp, the harp proper having only nine strings; the sackbut, a still larger kind of harp, in all probability, and attuned to take higher tones, as well as the usual ones. They had also a four-stringed instrument resembling our guitar somewhat crudely.

Some have associated the old-fashioned dulcimer with the sackbut and our modern piano may easily be traced to the dulcimer as its ancestor. The wind instruments in use at this time were chiefly some form of a trumpet or a pipe. The most common form of trumpet was that made of a ram's horn and sometimes translated "cornet" from the material from which it was made (vide Dan. iii. 5, 7). They had also a silver trumpet for special purposes, made with a bell-mouth. Their flute was more in form like our modern tin whistle or possibly two fastened side by side together. They were made of reeds. Their organ was a rude affair, consisting of a set of "pan-pipes," in all probability and blown either by the mouth or bellows. Their pipe was,

no doubt, the ancestor of our "oboe." The percussion instruments were bells, cymbals and timbrels or tabrets. The bells were, no doubt, analogous to our ordinary small bells; cymbals, also like our instruments of the same name, and the timbrel or tabret we think was

musical sense that I think we could not even train ourselves to enjoy it. Our musical scale is an inheritance, or at least a descendant of the Greek music. The Greeks were a nation, at one time, so highly cultured in music that they could discriminate shades of pitch in tone that few amateurs, or professionals even, of today could detect. They also played on string instruments and the flute, though the regarded the latter as a non-refining instrument and deprecated its use as a national instrument. The lyre was their especial favorite. Their scale consisted of four degrees and were like the first four degrees of our scale of C, namely C, D, E, F. This was termed a tetrachord. The Greeks made music one of their national studies and everyone was required to learn it. Gymnastics, music and poetry were perhaps the most potent factors in making the Greeks, at one time, the most beautiful nation upon earth.

(To be continued.)

On this page is a photo of Charles Ward, violin virtuoso and teacher of voice culture. Mr. Ward was for some time leader of the Winnipeg Theatre orchestra and has travelled throughout Canada giving concerts receiving many flattering press notices. Mr. Ward is endowed with a voice of fine musical quality which has gained recognition for him in many cities and towns of the east and west. As a violinist he is far above the ordinary. His technic is good, but that is not all; he has a soul in his playing which makes his audience his friends a once. Mr. Ward has just returned from Europe, where he has been studying voice culture for the past year under Professor North, and has opened a studio in Winnipeg where he will teach voice production and violin.

\$1.30. VISIT WINNIPEG

All eyes, both in the East and the West, in Canada and abroad, are turned toward Winnipeg. The marvellous development within recent years, the erection of mammoth warehouses, 20th century skyscrapers, bridges, stations, hotels, stately residences, the laying out of fine boulevards, beautiful streets have made it a place of more than passing interest to everyone in Western Canada. A big book, 10 inches by 10½ inches, bound in handsome green cloth binding with gold side stamp, "Winnipeg Illustrated," containing 200 pages of heavy enameled surface paper on which is printed six hundred color photo-half-tone views of the most attractive scenery in this wonderful new city, and some present-day glimpses of old Fort Garry (all that is left of it was recently published and sold at \$2.30, the price in Winnipeg being \$2 and the 30 cents for cost of postage to outside points. We have a limited number of copies left which we offer for twenty days—if the quantity lasts—at the extraordinarily low price of \$1 each, or \$1.30, postage paid.

SPECIAL 20-DAY OFFER.

As a special inducement for out-of-town persons to become interested in our exceptionally complete stock of music and musical instruments, we offer to all purchasers sending us \$1.30 before May 24th, two pieces of music, regular price 50 cents each, absolutely

FREE.

SEND TO-DAY \$1.30 by P.O. order, express order or registered letter. If we are sold out of "Winnipeg Illustrated," or you do not think you have received \$3 worth of value for \$1.30, we will refund every cent of your money.

Catalogs of music, musical instruments, pianos, etc., free.

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RESIDENCE OF GEO. SEALE, NEAR BIRTLE, MAN.
The upper picture shows a barn in course of construction.

have also left evidence of being accomplished in music at an early date, apart from that of the fact that after the passage of the Red Sea Moses and the men of Israel burst forth in a song of praise and were answered by Miriam and the Israelitish women. There is no doubt that they, during their captivity in Egypt, heard much of the Egyptian music and would, consciously or unconsciously, during their lengthy sojourn among them, and particularly while they were in favor with Pharaoh and mingling equally with the Egyptians, learn much of their music. And this seems the more probable when we consider that the persecution of the Hebrews seemed to belong entirely to the last generation born and reared in Egypt, that is, about the time of Moses' birth and life.

Now, although we are at a loss regarding the vocal music of the Hebrews and are not aware of their having any system of writing music, yet from a study of the Bible we know that they had three kinds of musical instruments, namely, string, wind and percussion instruments. The first were represented by the harp (not such a fine instrument as our modern harp; but a small one, held under the left arm and played with the fingers or a plectrum), the lute (also called psalter and viol), a

sort of tambourine. Again referring to the Psalms of David, we see the often recurring words "To the chief musician," "A song of degrees," etc., which seems to indicate that these songs of David were intended to be used with music as a medium of expression or as an accompaniment or both and we find in the account of Solomon's dedication of the temple in II. Chronicles chap. v. verse 12, that "the Levites were the singers," and they were accompanied by "one hundred and twenty priests sounding trumpets." Thus there must have been a vast choir of voices with such an accompaniment and very likely the entire congregation occasionally took part in the singing also.

Now, although we are able to form a fairly accurate idea of the instruments of the Hebrews, and can form an idea of their manner of using them, still we know little or nothing about their tunes or the kind of scale from which their music was constructed. But we are quite certain that their music was very little like our own of the present day. Probably their scale and music were more akin to those of China or India of the present day, which is so little like our own that we can see nothing in it upon first acquaintance, and in fact it lacks so much that appeals to our



Chas. Ward.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

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can approach it . . .

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HOOVER Potato Digger

A Satisfactory Digger

Built with care and guaranteed in every way. Catalog free. Mention this paper.



Boys and Girls

Johnny's Poem.

pa Says to me, Last week he Did,
"my Boy, to-day I'll show
you How we Fellers used to skate
Some Forty years ago."
An then he Got out his Old Skates,
though Ma says, "o, dear Me!"
an we went out in Our Back yard
where nobody Could see.

the Rain had left a little Pond
that wasn't very Wide,
but it had Froze up tight and Hard
and made a Dandy slide,
then pa, he put his old Skates on
and says, "get out the Way!"
and struck out Once! . . . I'd hate to tell
jest What I heard him say!

but my! you Orter seen him Hit!
I guess he split the Ground,
fer chunks of ice flew in the air
and Landed all Around.
when he got up he rubbed hisself
an whispered "hully gee!"
they Freeze ice slicker than they Did
when I was young, I see!"

Be Careful.

I knew a boy when I was young who
was always careful in his work. He was
not the most brilliant youth of my ac-
quaintance, but whatever he did was well
done, no matter whether it was preparing
a lesson, sawing wood, hoeing in the gar-
den, or what not. The other boys said he
was "slow," and he did not perform his
tasks with as much speed as some of them.
But on the other hand what he did was
done properly and did not have to be done
over again.

When this young man finished school

"Well," said the great gentleman, "it
set me to thinking that I was not really a
self-made man."
"Why," they replied, "did you not begin
to work in a store when you were ten or
twelve?"
"Yes," he said, "but it was because my
mother thought I ought early to have the
educating touch of business."
"But then," they urged, "you were always
such a great reader, devouring books when
a boy."
"Yes," he replied, "but it was because
my mother led me to do it, and at her
knee she made me give an account of the
book after I had read it. I don't know
about being a self-made man; I think my
mother had a great deal to do with it."
"But then," they urged again, "your in-
tegrity was your own."
"Well, I don't know about that. One
day a barrel of apples had come to me to
sell out by the peck, and, after the manner
of some storekeepers, I put the speckled
ones at the bottom and the best ones at
the top. My mother called me and asked
what I was doing. I told her, and she
said: 'Tom, if you do that you will be a
cheat.' And I did not do it. I think my
mother had something to do with my in-
tegrity; and on the whole I doubt whether
I am a self-made man. I think my mother
had something to do with making me any-
thing I am of any character or usefulness."
"Happy," said Dr. Lorimer, "the boy who
had such a mother; happy the mother who
had a boy so appreciative of his mother's
formative influence!"

Hold on, Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just
ready to swear, lie or speak harshly.
Hold on to your hand when you are about
to punch, scratch, steal, or do any improp-
er act.
Hold on to your foot when you are on the
point of kicking, running off from study,
or pursuing the path of error, shame or
crime.
Hold on to your heart when evil associ-
ates seek your company, and invite you to

Education.

Every boy should have his head, his
heart and hand educated.
Let this never be forgotten.
By the proper education of his head, he
will be taught what is good and what is
bad or evil, what wise and what is foolish,
what is right and what is wrong.
By the proper education of his heart, he
will be taught to love what is good, wise
and right and to hate what is evil, foolish
and wrong.
By the proper education of his hands, he
will be able to supply his wants, to add
to his comforts and to assist those around
him who need help.
When wisdom begins in the head and
love in the heart, the hand is always ready
to do good and sin and sorrow are almost
unknown.
The highest object of a good education
is to obey God's laws and to love and help
others.

A Tongue Twister.

The following tongue-tripper is given as
a trial to say fast without a mistake. Try
it, and enjoy a good laugh:
Betty Botta bought some butter. "But,"
she said, "this butter's bitter;
But a bit o' better butter will but make
my butter better."
So she bought a bit o' butter, better than
the bitter butter.
And it made her butter better.
So 'twas better Betty Botta bought a bit
o' better butter.

How to Succeed in Business.

1. Be honest and straightforward.
2. Don't get a job through influence. No
true success is built on the influence of
others. Depend on yourself.
3. Do what you are employed to do better
than anyone else employed about you can
do it. Promotion will surely follow.
4. Be interested in what you are doing,
and don't watch the clock for quitting time.



FARM BUILDINGS OF THOS. INGRAM, NEAR GRISWOLD, MAN.

he did not have any difficulty in secur-
ing a position. People felt that they could
trust him. They knew he would work
just the same whether they watched him
or not.

Soon he became an invaluable man. His
employers entrusted large interests in his
hands and he was always careful to see
that everything was looked after properly.
"A matter placed in his hands requires
no more attention," said a member of the
firm one day.

Five years later our friend became a
member of the firm himself. He did not
seek the honor. The honor sought him for
his employers realized his worth. They
realized that it was not only proper that
he should become associated with them
but it was desirable. Careful men are not
easy to find and at the same time they are
absolutely necessary to the success of any
business enterprise.

Be careful. You may not become a mem-
ber of the firm, but you will be much more
successful than if you are careless and
slight your work.

He Remembered the Apple Barrel.

Mr. Lorimer tells this story of one of
our distinguished men, who was introduced
at a great public meeting as a "self-made
man." Instead of appearing gratified at the
tribute, it seemed to throw him for a few
minutes into a brown study. Afterwards
they asked him the reason for the way in
which he received the announcement.

join in their mirth, games and revelry.
Hold on to truth, for it will serve you
well, and do you good throughout eternity.
Hold on to virtue—it is above price to
you at all times and in all places.
Hold on to your good character, for it is,
and ever will be, your best wealth.

Two Thoughts.

Little Ruth was spending her first night
away from home. She was a bit restless,
and in the morning she was asked how she
had slept. "Pretty well, thank you. But
I don't think I slept very much." "Then
you couldn't have had any bad dreams,
surely," said mamma. "No, mamma, I didn't;
but I had two terrible thoughts."

If I Were You, my Boy.

I wouldn't be ashamed to do right any-
where. I would not do anything that I
would not be willing for everybody to know.
I wouldn't conclude that I knew more
than my father before I had been fifty
miles away from home.
I wouldn't go into the company of boys
who use bad language.
I wouldn't get into the sulks and pout
whenever I couldn't have my own way about
everything.
I wouldn't abuse little boys who had no
big brothers for me to be afraid of.

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BUSINESS, OR OTHER
PROPERTY. We can sell it
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it is or what it is worth.
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price. If you want to buy
any kind of property any-
where, send for our mon-
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hand-
some dining chair.
Made of choice
oak, finish'd gold-
en and highly pol-
ished. The pretty
carved back is
strongly braced
with five neat y
turned spindles
and a strong bot-
tom back slat.
Each back pillar
and back leg being
all one piece give
added strength to
the chair. Its
patent wood seat
gives it the least
possible weight.
Supporting the legs are three turned front
stretchers along with four side and one back
stretcher. A set of these chairs gives to the
dining room an artistic effect not to be de-
rived from the use of ordinary fur-
niture. Price from Winnipeg..... **\$2.75**

This neat dresser is
of choice golden elm,
well polished; top of
case is 34 x 18 inches.
Top drawer has lock
and key. Best Ger-
man plate mirror,
16 x 20 inches, is sup-
ported by prettily
carved toilet top.
Special
price..... **\$10.20**
Stand
to match..... **\$4.25**

This gold medal folding camp
chair is a boon to surveyors and
those doing homestead work
during summer months. Seat is
of strong duck. Chair can be
folded flat. The illustration
shows open chair standing on folded one.
These chairs are a familiar sight
on tennis lawns. Price..... **70 cts.**
Chair, without back..... **50 Cts.**

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described and quoted at the lowest possible
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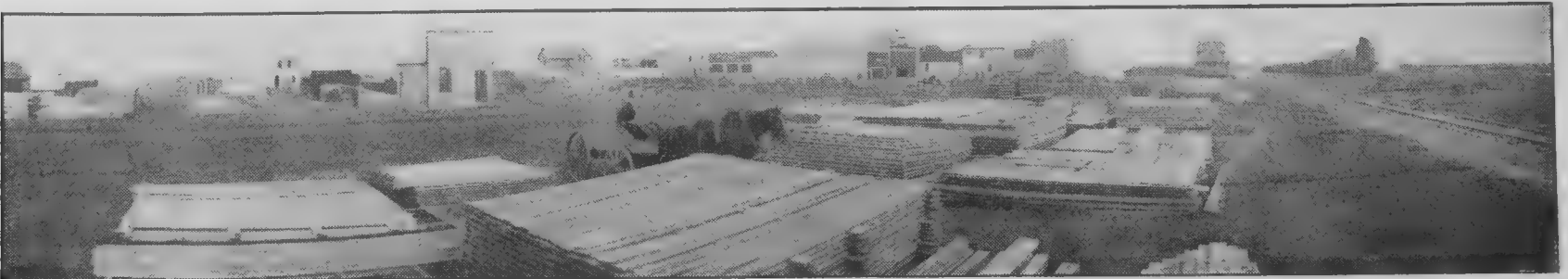
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356 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG

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Life is full of op-
portunities for the
man who KNOWS.
The keenest com-
petition is at the
bottom. You can
fit yourself for a
better position IN
YOUR SPARE
TIME and at small
expense, by taking a study course AT
HOME. Cut this out and mail it to us with
your name and address, marking which
line of work you prefer.

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THE NEW TOWN OF MELFORT, SASK.

Effect of Emotions on the Body.

The emotions, good or bad, have a direct effect upon the physical body. All the malevolent emotions, such as hatred, envy, jealousy, anger, have a very injurious effect upon the body, poisoning the secretions, interfering with digestion, and every other vital function. While on the other hand the benevolent feelings of kindness, love, cheerfulness, have an exhilarating and wholesome effect upon all the functions of the body, promoting the health and activity of every organ.

It seems that Professor Elmer Gates has been making a study of the effects of the emotions upon the body, and, according to his statement, he has discovered forty bad products which are produced in the blood as a direct consequence of hatred, jealousy, envy, fear, anger, etc. These products are depressing and poisonous. While, on the other hand, the benevolent feelings have

A Selfish Man

He regarded his children as nuisances.
He did all his courting before marriage.
He never talked over his affairs with his wife.
He doled out his money to his wife as if to a beggar.
He looked down on his wife as an inferior being.
He never dreamed that there were two sides to marriage.
He had one set of manners for home and another for society.
He never dreamed that his wife needed praise and compliments.
He thought his wife should spend all her time doing housework.
He never made concession to his wife's judgment, even in unimportant matters.
He thought the marriage vow had made him his wife's master, instead of her partner.



ELM PARK, WINNIPEG.

been found to create beneficial chemical products which promote the health of the body.

According to this professor the most deleterious of all these chemical products is that produced by guilt, and he claims that the perspiration of a guilty person when subjected to a test with acid will turn pink. Just what significance the pink color may have we do not know, but this we do know that the influence of the emotions, good or bad, upon the physical being are very pronounced, and the mental habits of a patient should never be ignored by the physician. Oftentimes the whole cause of a sick spell or a chronic ailment can be traced to an outbreak of anger, to fear, worry, or to a chronic state of jealousy, malice and hatred.—Medical Talk.

He Understood.

Burton Holmes, the lecturer, says that the Indians of Alaska regard white men and canned goods as so closely associated that they are nearly synonymous. Wherever the white man is seen, canned meats, fruits and vegetables are found.

When Mr. Holmes visited Alaska recently he carried with him a phonograph, and it was exhibited to an old chief who had never seen a talking machine before. When the machine was started and the sound of a human voice came from the trumpet the Indian was much interested. He listened gravely for a time, then approached and peered into the trumpet.

When the machine finished its cylinder and stopped the Indian pointed at it, smiled an expansive smile, and remarked: "Huh! Him canned white man."



NO WOMAN, CHILD, MAID OR MAN

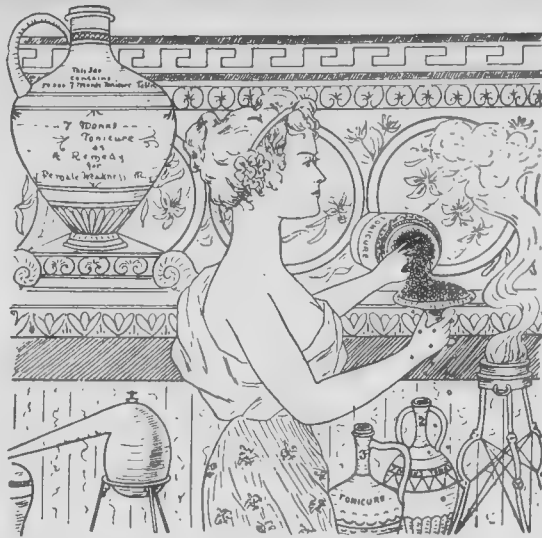
who feels in the slightest out of sorts should allow this treacherous Western spring to pass without fortifying the body for the heated time with

Kola Tonic Wine

Kola Tonic Wine is the reigning king of present day health builders. It contains all the muscle-building forces of Kola—that wonderful nut on which life depends in tropical southern Africa; the nerve nourishing embodiment of Celery—that recognized reconstructor of nervous humanity, and the digestive organizing powers of Pepsin—that God-sent emancipator of dyspepsied man. The three in one are a beautiful exemplification of the proverb: "In Union there is strength," for Kola Tonic Wine has restored more hopeless wrecks to robust health, than whose names could be set down in the smallest type in two of this paper's pages. Sour stomach, tired feeling, wearied limbs and nervousness are fore-sure signs that you need Kola Tonic Wine. Your druggist has it (quart bottle, \$1.00), but if for some reason it cannot be obtained, write direct, and we will send you signed statements of cures performed that border on the miraculous.

Address

HYGIENE KOLA COMPANY
317 LOGAN AVE., WINNIPEG



A Wonderful Remedy that has made SO MANY WOMEN Healthy Happy and Strong

Hardly a day passes that we do not receive a testimonial or letter in praise of that wonderful "7 Monks' Ton-i-cure." This remedy has no equal anywhere for Weaknesses peculiar to women. It cures Nervousness, Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Moroseness, Weak Spells, Pains in the Back and Hips, etc. This remedy builds up Health, Strength and Energy in every part of the body. This remedy is powerful—but yet it does not contain a particle of alcohol or narcotics—it is a perfect system purifier, Nerve Tonic and Health builder. We guarantee that

"7 Monks' Ton-i-cure"

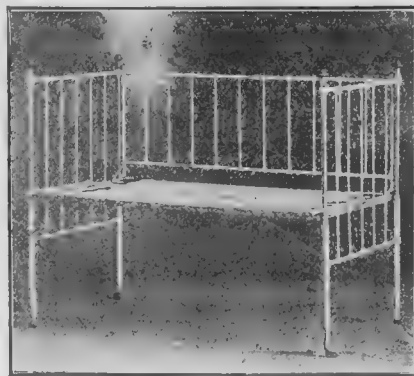
will help you the same as it has helped and restored others to Health and Happiness. This remedy is sold by druggists for \$1.00, or six for \$5.00. If you cannot procure it, we will mail it "post free" upon receipt of the price.

To readers of this ad. who send us their name and address, we will send "Free" a sample of either "7 Monks' Grippe and Headache Cure," which cures Headache, Neuralgia and Monthly Pains, or "7 Monks' Pills," which cure Biliousness and Constipation. Mention this paper when asking for free samples,

"7 MONKS' COMPANY"

BOX 742, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Private letters in reference to ailments and advice, address to "The Oracle," Box 742.



Child's Folding Crib

Made of Best Angle Bar Iron, Enamelled White.

Constructed to fold up when not in use to be laid aside out of the way. The nicest Child's Cot in the market—will last a lifetime.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

We manufacture MATTRESSES and PILLOWS, all kinds BED SPRINGS and the famous SURPRISE BED SPRING, IRON BEDS, FOLDING COTS Etc. FEATHERS Cleaned and Renovated. Our goods are on sale everywhere. If you can't get them, write direct to us.

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You reply—Yes, you think so; but in this advanced age thinking so won't do, you want to be certain. The only way to be certain is to Feed Your Stock with

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Then you certainly are up-to-date, as you show that you realize the importance of keeping your stock in the best possible condition, at the lowest cost.

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Used by up-to-date stock owners in all parts of the world.

Manufactured (under Royal Letters Patent) by MESSRS. HENRY TATE & SONS, LTD., Sugar Refiners, Liverpool and London, exclusively for THE MOLASSINE CO., LTD.

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E. J. Bolton, WESTERN AGENT, **Winnipeg, Man.**

What to Wear and when to wear it

Introduction.

The papers on "What to wear and when to wear it" are not designed in any way to usurp the place of the standard fashion magazines. There is, however, no fashion magazine issued in Western Canada and therefore styles and materials that come in are rather late in being treated of for the woman on the farm who has her buying to do. Winnipeg is strictly up-to-date in the matter of things to wear, and The Western Home Monthly proposes to give our women readers early information of just what it is good to buy and what it is wise to let alone.

There will from time to time be illustrations of new materials, new styles in neckwear, boots and shoes, parasols and the hundred and one things that go to make up the wardrobe of the well dressed woman.

The cost of materials in the city will from time to time be given, so that they may be a guide to what should be paid in the smaller towns.

Dusters, Linen and Otherwise.

In the famous history of "Dead

the dress absolutely fresh and spotless. If there is a hurry call to go to town with the good man in the morning, or by yourself, for that matter, the duster can be slipped over any tidy house dress and you are equipped for any shopping expedition.

There are many designs in which these coats are made, those made of silk are elaborately shirred and pleated, but for the woman at home who wishes to make the garment herself it is well to choose one of the simple styles. A loose double box front and a back with box pleat, Watteau style, to the waist, with narrow belt stitched across, and sleeves wide at the top and box pleated in, is an excellent style and easily made. Good big patch pockets go on the side fronts, and are in themselves a boon to the pocketless woman. A coat made in this style will require seven yards of lustre 44 inches wide, as the full topped sleeves cut into a lot of material. The bottom should be finished with a hem about three inches deep and several rows of stitching with coarse silk.

Personally, I prefer silver grey lustre to any other goods for this purpose, but it is not becoming to every

tiveness. Gowns with silk linings are costly, and hard to make, while gowns with trains are an abomination for ordinary wear in the city and the same, only more so, in the country. The silk shirt waist suit is very smart, it is not too dressy for ordinary wear and is sufficient dress for everything but the most elaborate functions, and, indeed, the more poetized edition of the gown is seen, this season, at even the most fashionable weddings. These silk gowns are inexpensive, they require no lining and are quite easy to make, even by the amateur.

With the dust coat aforesaid there is hardly any gown that will give the woman on the farm so much satisfaction, they are quite as cool as muslin and require no washing and ironing and if simply made, without decoration, except of the silk itself, can be varied indefinitely by the addition of different styles of collars and girdles.

The variety of silk of which these gowns can be made is almost endless, but here are a few lines that are outstandingly best for the purpose. The first in popularity are the small checks and pin stripes in which, what are known as wash silks, have been made for years. The number of color combinations this year in wonderful, but green and white, blue and white, and cream and brown are leaders. In addition to being checked or striped many of these silks have a shot effect and all are glossy and well finished. Tiny ruffles or folds on the bias is a favorite decoration.



RESIDENCE AND BARN OF JOHN DICKIE, GLADSTONE, MAN.

Mules Flat" the residents had a pleasing habit of hanging any new arrival. "Who the doctrine did dispute, That the Pope wore a linen duster And went upon the shoot." so that the duster may be said to have a place in history. The linen duster so fashionable some 25 years ago has been revived, but the new dust coat is not only made of linen but of lustre, brilliantine, heavy Shantung or Pongee silk and occasionally of taffeta, the last material being used only in black.

There is hardly a more useful garment for the woman on the farm than the long dust coat, and the material best for this purpose, because it sheds dust easily and does not crush, is lustre, in a pretty shade of grey, fawn, navy blue or brown.

There is nothing that so quickly soils the purity of a white gown or dims the freshness of any gown in fact, as long drives to church, store, social calls or evening functions. It is not pleasant in warm weather to be bundled up in lap robes, and even if you suffer the infliction they do not cover the back and shoulders. A long wrap of lustre, silk or linen adds very little to the warmth and indeed is hardly ever too much for a drive of a few miles, it can be easily thrown off to go into church, or the house where you wish to call and as readily assumed on coming out and it keeps

one. The woman who once possesses a dust coat of this kind will be loath indeed to part with it. The advantage of linen is of course that you can wash it, but linens nowadays have an unpleasant habit of shrinking in the tub and in that way the garment is apt to become unsightly. After all, the only dirt that the coat is exposed to is dust, and that shakes out of lustre or silk and leaves no trace behind. The girl who goes to a good many picnics and garden parties during the summer will find a dust coat add materially to the daintiness of her appearance at such functions.

Shirt Waist Suits.

The silk shirt waist suit came in last year and was such an unqualified success that it seems to have become a fixture and is certainly sure to be one of the most popular gowns this season. Fashion has many foibles, but the woman who invented the silk shirt waist suit conferred a long desired boon on her sisters. The soft sheer fabrics such as voiles, etamines, and crepes have reigned supreme for years, and very beautiful they were and are, and very fashionable still for elaborate functions. But a gown of these materials, in order to look well, had to be made over silk, and if made without a train seemed to lose effec-

Next come the Shantung, Tossoe and Pongee silks, all very similar in texture and color, the Shantungs being on the whole rather heavier weight than the others. These silks are produced by worms that have been fed on oak leaves instead of mulberry leaves and have no gloss when in their native state. They wash much better than cotton and ironing gives them a good gloss. They are almost indestructible and always look elegant. The girl who is clever with her crochet hook can produce a most decorative gown in this silk by securing linen thread of the same shade and crocheting the old Irish patterns of lace. There is nothing more fashionable than hand-made crochet and some of the patterns that the girls used to do at noon hour in the old log school houses of Ontario 30 or 40 years ago are the very latest caper, at the present time. Your grandmothers will be delighted to revive this old-time fancy work. Bands of insertions and motifs (small individual designs) of Irish crochet will make of quite a simple Shantung or Pongee silk a really sumptuous garment. One of the great recommendations of these silks is their width, they run from 26 to 28 inches.

Chameleon taffetas are the very newest silks and they may be used for more elaborate gowns if desired. They differ from shot silks in that

FACTS ABOUT McKAY'S

"The Women's Store of the West"

And logical reasons why you can buy Millinery, Tailored Garments, Skirts and Ready-to-Wear Apparel, Children's Wear, etc., here to an advantage.

McKay's Millinery

Our Millinery Department is managed by Miss Baldwin, who for years has been identified with high-class millinery in the West. Miss Baldwin visited this season all the world's centres of fashion, viz., London, Paris, Berlin and New York, viewing current modes and buying direct from the manufacturers. The advantage gained over other firms by this method is two-fold. We get the latest, minus jobber's profits—hence, superior Millinery for you, and at less cost.

McKay's Tailoring Department

This department is under the personal supervision of Monsieur Herle, who was connected with the most authoritative Ladies' Tailoring establishments of New York, and has had London and Paris experience previous to coming to McKay's. He is an able designer and cutter, a statement which is proven by the character of McKay-made garments.

McKay's System of Buying

The buying of suiting fabrics, dress novelties, and the thousand and one things necessary in a completely stocked woman's store, are bought by the proprietor and manager, Mr. G. D. McKay, in the European markets. Mr. McKay has made over sixty buying trips to the Old Land, and it is no exaggeration to say that there is not a man in Canada so fit to select fabrics of style and utility, and get the benefit of every possible price concession. If we bought from some Eastern jobber, he would have to make a profit—but the fact that we don't, again explains why McKay's superior garments can be had at reasonable prices. We are supplying and pleasing many hundreds of patrons living out of Winnipeg who have never seen our store. If you need a suit, a hat, or any other garment, in which you desire material and workmanship of quality, write us. And if we fail to please, we will refund you your money.

G. D. McKAY & CO.

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"De Luxe" Parted Pompadour

This is the daintiest and most artistic of our many Hair Creations for women. Dame Fashion says that Milady must not wear a too liberal portion of front hair now, so this little covering is both becoming and in vogue. We make the "De Luxe" only from the finest grades of French live cut hair, to match any shade, at an approximate cost of \$8.00.

Sent by Mail

If you will send a small clipping of your hair to us, we will guarantee to please you in a "De Luxe" Parted Pompadour or any other article of hair goods it may be your lot to require. We will mail free our booklet, "The Care of the Hair," to women, or our men's publication, "Heart to Heart Talks with Bald Men," on receipt of address. These booklets are complete in all matters of hair goods for men and women, and information as to ordering by mail.

The Manitoba Hair Goods Co.

Mail Order Department

301 Portage Ave. WINNIPEG

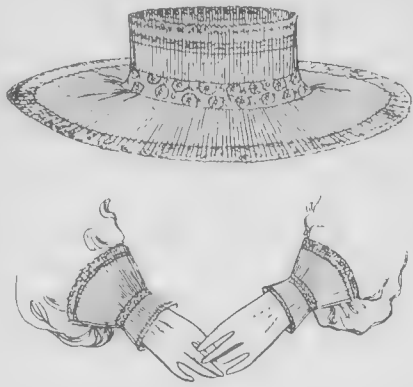
they have three colors woven in instead of two and the combinations of color are very striking—pale green, brown and copper shades are shown in one; blue, brown and pink in another, and cream, red and brown in a third. This taffeta is very glossy, a good width and is absolutely guaranteed not to cut, it is made by one of the best known English silk houses and they are finding hard work in keeping abreast of orders. It says something for the enterprise of Winnipeg merchants that they were shown in our retail stores less than a month after they appeared on the London market. They are not dear, being retailed at \$1.00 and \$1.25. By the way, check silks run from 50c. to 75c. and \$1.00 and Shantung, Tussores and Pongees about the same.

I hope no reader of this page will think I am hinting that they should send into Winnipeg for their goods and ignore their own home stores. I am a firm believer that your home merchant will serve you best if you give him a chance, but it is well to call his attention from time to time to what can be had in Winnipeg if he will but send after it. Very few cities the size of Winnipeg are so well supplied in the matter of finely equipped wholesale houses and it should be to the interest of the country merchant to buy small lines and keep well up-to-date, and the women on the farms should see to it that he does do so.

Neckwear.

With the silk gowns, or the plain wool gown for that matter, neck garniture is a most important factor, and within the last two weeks there has been a most radical departure in the style of collars. This does not mean that the stock collar has gone out, far from it, but there has been an entirely new line added to the seemingly endless style in neckwear. As this style of collar is hard to describe,

but very dressy to wear, I have borrowed a set of collar and cuffs from the manufacturers' agent and. The Western Home Monthly artist has made a little sketch just to show our readers how they look. These collars



and cuffs are made in fine Irish lawn, edged with dainty lace, in chiffon, in lace and in fact a great many light materials and the style is very effective, especially with the high-shouldered gown. For the hot, hot summer time there will be a strong return to the wide Victorian collar of lace, especially Irish crochet. These will be worn with bandless gown and are charming for girls in their teens and early twenties, but hard on the woman of riper years whose neck shows lines and is getting thin. The great recommendation about them is that they are cool for hot weather.

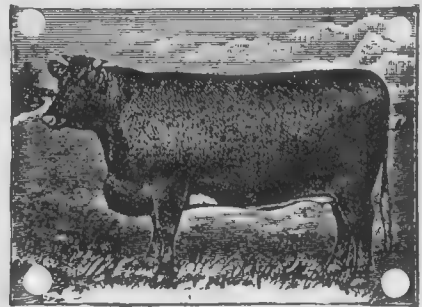
Narrow turn-over collars of linen with faggoted edges are very popular and when well laundered always look smart.

A woman likes her husband to swear when he is mad, so she can be thankful she is a good Christian.

Papa—"Your mother tells me you haven't been a good boy to-day, Johnny." Johnny—"Between us, pa, I think she's a little prejudiced against me. It was only the other day she told Aunt Kate I was just like you."

FAT CATTLE

AND SLEEK, HEALTHY HORSES



ARE EASY TO HAVE IF YOU FEED

ENGLISH STOCK FOOD

According to Directions

ENGLISH STOCK FOOD is by long odds the Strongest and Most Reliable STOCK FOOD and FATTENER in the world to-day.

Every package is GUARANTEED to give you satisfaction or your money refunded.

Ask Your Dealer for the Genuine ENGLISH STOCK FOOD

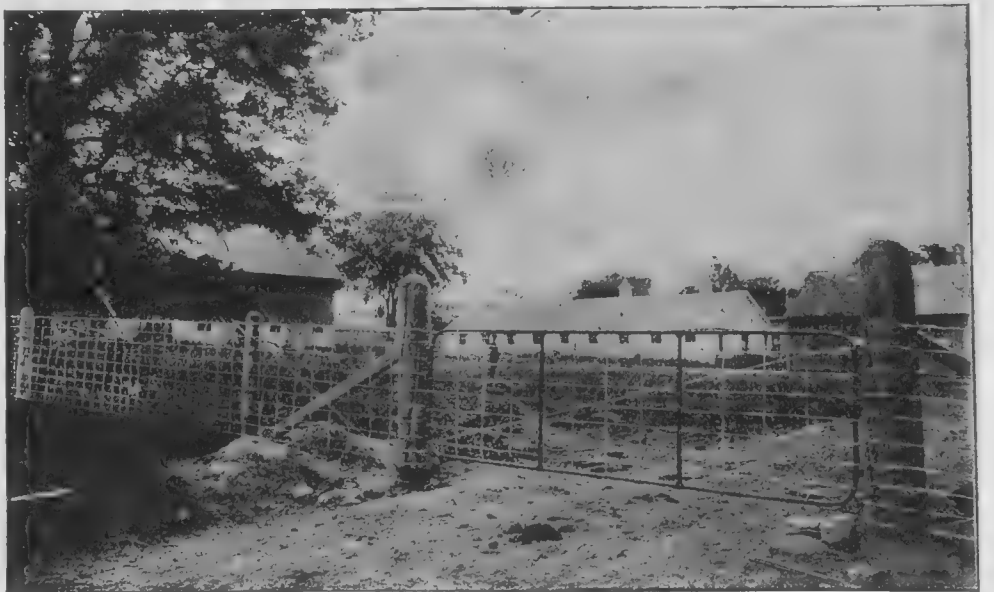
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE
ARABIAN MEDICINE CO., of Canada, Carberry, Man.

A NEW FENCE

Everyone knows that fences add much to the beauty of farm and home. In the West the difficulties of securing servicable and attractive fencing have been great.

Ingenuity has at last solved the problem, and a fence especially designed to meet the needs of Western Canada has been invented, and is now being put upon the market. The Winnipeg Parks Board, recognizing the adaptability and beauty of this new fence, has recommended it for use in its handsome new Suburban Park, the Assiniboine.

The feature of this new fence that renders it superior to other wire fences is a patent interlocking device which holds cross wires firm, and adjusts itself to all temperatures. Being made of hard coiled steel wire of an elastic limit of 1600 to 1800 lbs., and an ultimate tensile strength of 2000 to 2200 lbs., it possesses elasticity and durability, as well as beauty. It does not rust and disfigure the fence. It is elastic, and at all times holds the cross wires firmly and is not injured by strains. It always returns to its original position with unrelaxed holding power. These locking devices being of same material as the horizontal and vertical wires, are artistic in design and add much to the beauty of the fence. They especially adapt it for garden and ornamental fences. The manufacturers are supplying their wire fence material in a wide variety of designs and at varying costs suited to all farm, garden and ornamental purposes. The illustration below shows a most pleasing design in the foreground as in use about a garden. A farm fence is shown on the other side of the road. The view to the right shows a fence adapted to a farm yard or orchard, and is similar to the one to be used to enclose the Assiniboine Park at Winnipeg. Both horizontal and upright wires are hard steel, the horizontals being of 9 gauge and the uprights No. 7 gauge. This new fence has many other features of superiority, is cheap and durable, and will attract the attention of all who believe in protecting their property and enhancing its value and beauty.



The new fence spoken of and shown in use in the two views given above and at the left, is being made in a wide range of styles, suited to farm and ornamental uses. Farm fences of this superior design cost from 40c. to \$1.00 a rod, and garden and ornamental fences from 10c. to 50c. a foot. These prices make it highly desirable that nobody need longer neglect to protect and beautify home and farm. We are getting out a catalogue giving many illustrations of the new fence we are making, showing its construction and use. Anyone interested who will write at once mentioning Western Home Monthly may secure one of these handsome and instructive booklets

Agents wanted for all districts.

The Great West Wire Fence Co.
LIMITED

Manufacturers of Steel Gates and Wire Fencing

Phone 600

76 Lombard Street, Winnipeg, Man.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified.
Order by number, stating size wanted.
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Ladies' Costume.

The modish design here shown is appropriate to any of the season's materials, and as illustrated was stylishly developed in black taffeta. The waist is laid in box-pleats, the front opening over a vest of cream-colored lace. Small silk buttons ornament the box-pleats, and a tie, made of the taffeta, falls from under an embroidered strap on each side of the vest. The sleeve displays some of the newest features, a full puff falling over a double cuff, the lower one being of lace. The skirt is cut



in the latest fashion, and is a good model for a walking skirt, as the pattern provides for short round or instep length. The box-pleats are stitched flat part of the way down and left to flare gracefully at the foot. Mohair, serge, broadcloth and voile are all suitable for the making. The medium size requires two and three-eighths yards of forty-four inch material for the waist, and five and one-eighth yards for the skirt.

Ladies' Waist No. 5336: Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

Ladies' Box-pleated Skirt No. 5242: Sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

The above illustration calls for two separate patterns. The price is ten cents for the waist and ten cents for the skirt.



Ladies' Shirt Waist.

Designs for shirt waists are shown in such a variety of styles that the most exacting taste is sure to be satisfied. Albitross in a delicate shade of blue was selected to develop this model. Three box-pleats in each side of the front provide a graceful fullness. The back is plain, except for slight gathers at the waistline. The closing is in front under the centre box-pleat and the full sleeves are finished by narrow cuffs. Bands of the material edged with taffeta afford a pretty trimming and are arranged on the centre pleat and over the shoulder, hiding the seam. The pattern is adapted to any of the season's waistings, such as voile, madras, mohair and silk. The medium size requires three and one-eighth yards of thirty-six inch material.

Ladies' Shirt Waist No. 5233: Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. Price 10c.

During a panic when everyone thought all the banks were going to the dogs, Jones rushed into the bank of which he was a stockholder, and handing the certificate to the transfer clerk he said:

"Here, please transfer half of that to James F. Smith?"

"Which half?"

"I don't care which," replied Jones, puzzled at the inquiry.

"You had better go to the courts; I can't make the decision, if you really wish to transfer your other half to Mr. Smith."

On examination he saw he had given his marriage certificate in mistake.

THEY MADE THIS
COUPLE HAPPY

Dodd's Kidney Pills Doing Good
Work Around Port Arthur.

Mr. Dick Souvey and Wife Both Had Kidney Troubles, and the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Cured Them.

Port Arthur, Ont., May 1.—(Special).—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the kidney ills of men and women alike has been proved time and again in this neighborhood, but it is only occasionally they get a chance to do double work in the same house. This has happened in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Souvey, a farmer and his wife, living about seven miles from here. In an interview Mr. Souvey said:

"My wife and myself have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and have found them a big benefit to our health. We had La Grippe two winters and were exposed to much frost and cold. Our sleep was broken on account of urinary troubles and pain in the kidneys. We each took six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and now enjoy good health."

BOOKS BY MAIL!

You can buy as safely by mail as if you came in person. The following useful Books sent post paid upon receipt:—

- Gleason's Horse Book \$1 75
- Manning's Horse Book. 1 75
- Manning's Cattle, Sheep and Swine Book 1 75
- White House Cook Book. 1 25
- Home Queen Cook Book. ... 1 00
- Poultry Culture (by Felch).... 1 50
- Advice to Wife and Maiden.. 90 c.
- What a Young Wife Ought To Know 1 00
- What a Young Woman Ought To Know 1 00
- What a Young Man Ought To Know..... 1 00

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, Revised and Enlarged. Solid leather, Rg. \$8.00. Our Price, \$4.50. Write for list of 25c. books—over 500 titles—8 for \$1.00.

W. A. DAVIS

DEPT. A, 494 MAIN STREET.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

Dainty Embroidery

Whatever color scheme you decide on, you will find every wanted shade in BELDING'S SILKS. If there is a new tint or a new effect that you are re-producing, you will find the silk that matches it exactly in

Belding's Silks.

They have the rich sheen—the beautiful lustre—the brilliant colorings—the fast dye—so necessary for dainty hand work. Insist on having Belding's Silks. Every spool full length. Don't take the "just as good" kind.

We will Ship it to YOU

To Any Address in Canada

Gourlay

STYLE No. 15

An Etruscan design in Mahogany or figured Walnut with refined hand carvings, all chisel-work, not stucco or pressed work or machine carvings. New cabinet grand scale; height 4 ft. 7 in.; width 5 ft. 2 in.; depth 2 ft. 2½ in.; 7½ octave over-strung; trichord scale; best ivory and ebony keys. Extra strong bronzed metal plate to top of piano, with heavy flanged bearings fitted into non-varying endwood pin-block. Sound Board of finest prepared violin spruce, convex in form, full size, reinforced and fitted to latest improved elliptic acoustic rims and sectional rift-cut maple bridges. Remarkably resonant. Three patent noiseless protected pedals. See full description of staying-in-tune advantages in catalogue

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the eminent piano virtuoso, says of the "Gourlay" Piano:—"A responsive instrument, the tone of which is simply delicious and the mechanism all that can be desired."

By our easy payment plan any family in moderate circumstances can own an art piano of the finest quality.

GOURLAY PIANOS

Are "high-priced but worth the price." They are sold as the best, and the best piano is the cheapest.

OUR METHOD OF SELLING.—You can buy by mail with perfect safety. We will ship your piano to any address in Canada direct from the factory at a price free from agents' commissions, and returnable at our expense if not satisfactory on trial. Eight different plans of payment, ranging from \$15.00 to \$100.00 down and terms up to 36 months. Send for our illustrated catalogue and full particulars.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming
188 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

\$1,500.00 AWARD

For the production of a hardy apple and plum.

If interested, write for our catalogue of hardy nursery stock. Apple, crab and plum trees, currant, raspberry and gooseberry bushes, strawberry plants, ornamental shrubs and trees, hedging and windbreak trees, etc. Trees that will grow in Manitoba and the Territories. Address:

BUCHANAN'S NURSERIES, ST. CHARLES MAN

READ THIS—but
UNDERSTAND AT OUTSET THAT OUR
GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS
are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls,

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of The Monthly. Answers will appear in the June issue.

Puzzle.

1. What can pass before the sun without making a shadow?
2. When is a pie like a poet?
3. What vegetable if kept on board a ship invites disaster?

Syllable Puzzle.

My first is in fat, but not in thin;
My second is in noise, but not in din;
My third is in rock, but not in stone;
My fourth is in Jack, but not in John;
My whole is something a farmer cannot do without.

List of Prize Winners.

Marion Phillips, Roland, Man.
Walter Scott, Minnedosa, Man.
Mrs. H. Surtes, Clarence Creek, Ont.
Mrs. Samuel Ashton, Kamsack, Assa.
Alex. Bain, Port Elgin, Ont.
Lulu Naslund, Lamerton, Alta.
Mrs. A. Thompson, Mt. Carmel.
B. Ward Binkley, Souris, Man.
Miss Clare Debard, Stony Plain, Alta.
Stanley Long, Namao, Alta.
Pearl Wilson, Content, Alta.
F. N. Davidson, Aikenside, Man.
William Gordon, Partridge Hill, Alta.
Elsie Yule, Macgregor, Man.
Loren S. White, Grand View, Man.
Millie Weeks, Muenster, Sask.
Nellie Stewart, Strathcona, Alta.
Jennie Foat, Carstairs, Alta.

Meaning of Dreaming.

To dream of a mad dog indicates foolishness; a stray dog means ill luck; a barking dog tokens a quarrel of some kind for the dreamer; to dream of fighting dogs means you will have evidence of some one's hatred of you or be the victim of a theft; to be bitten by a dog in dream means temporary troubles; if a dog caresses you it means you have a true friend coming to your aid. Dog dreams are usually avata-

If you dream of a hanging it tokens that your pleasures to come will be deceiving. Laughter of any kind in your dreams, either yourself or of some one else, means worries and losses.

The sight of a church in a dream means an inheritance coming; if a church is being fixed it means bad luck for you; if you go into a church a number of times you will be subject to repeated delays and annoyances. If you dream of shouting out in church it means some very serious quarrel.

Should you hear a band in your dream it means riches and happiness.

If you see a cat it is a sign that some one is false to you; if you see an angry cat there will be a bad quarrel in your family; to dream of beating or killing a cat is read to show that you will shortly catch or kill a robber, if you know the cat the robber will also be known to you. If a cat scratches you it means you will be sick shortly. To dream of cats in any form is an unlucky omen.

To dream of seeing an accident indicates that you are worried; to dream that you are injured in an accident means long delayed but ultimate success of your most cherished plan.—Ex.

Game of Feather Flying.

Take a piece of cloth about two yards square; a tablecloth or sheet will do. Have this held by the players. Upon the cloth have a white feather. When all is ready, have the players sing together:

Fairy white, fairy light,
We will blow with all our might,
And none will be afraid.
If you fall on any one
He must then renounce the fun,
Till a forfeit he has paid.

Then toss the sheet upward, setting the feather flying. The object is to run under the feather, not letting it escape and at the same time blowing it away from yourself and toward some one else, who in turn defends himself. Each player touched by the feather retires from the game until a forfeit is paid at the end, when a new attack may be begun.

Bill Barlow says, "The mummy ain't had no fun for more'n five thousand years; so live, laugh and love, for there'll come a time when you can't."

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Motto for the month.

Sow thin the seeds of better deed and thought.
Light other lamps while yet thy light is beaming;
The time is short!

Forward.

In setting aside a page for the special interest of the woman of the home, it is the hope of The Western Home Monthly to make the hour spent in reading it one of pleasure, profit and relaxation, without which rest is impossible. There will be no long articles about any person, place or thing, just little items of interesting news, chance gems of knowledge, scraps of fun, a sort of literary flotsam and jetsam, the threads and thrums of life. Every month there

years ago, race and creed were alike forgotten and the men from Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba were risking their lives and in many cases laying them down to preserve the integrity of the Dominion. While the rebellion of 1885 lasted, not one talked of religious differences, but every loyal son and daughter had but one thought and that was for the Dominion.

One of our Canadian singers has voiced the idea of that time, and, indeed, of all time, in verses, which, though not perfect poetically, are like strong wine in their power to stir



LADIES WHO WILL PUBLISH THE HOSPITAL EDITION OF THE REGINA LEADER THIS MONTH.

will be a motto, a seed thought, so that the woman who is too pressed to find a "quiet hour," but who may perchance snatch a quiet moment will find something to carry with her through the strenuous days.

The page will welcome suggestions from any and every reader. What is of interest to one may not suit others and candid expressions of opinion will help to bring out what is of general interest to all.

Patriotism.

Just now, when party strife is vexing the land with the school question and the Autonomy Bill, it is well to pause and consider what Canada means to the individual Canadian. How far we have progressed towards a national life? This time, twenty

sluggish and forgetful souls to higher and nobler things.

"I saw my country, fair young Canada,
A beauteous figure in her ample North,
And proudly said, she surely hath no peer
'Mongst all the maidens of the rounded earth.

I saw my country rise; upon her face
A light from heaven fell as if to bless,
As lifting one white arm aloft she cried:
"That which exalts a land is righteousness.

This goodly heritage of mine, this realm
Of Greater Britain, spread from sea to sea,

I dedicate to God and to the cause
Of Justice, Honor and Humanity,
My revenues in unstained hands shall be,
My laws shall deal alike with rich and poor,
The strife fomentor, briber, coward, knave,
And huckstering bigot—these shall not endure."

This is the real spirit of patriotism and it were well if every member of the home memorized these verses and lived up to them.

New Books.

"The second Mrs. Jim" is not the newest new book, but it is sufficiently new to be as yet unknown to many a reader in rural districts. It is pre-eminently a book for a quiet hour. Its quaint humor is like a mental tonic, just bracing enough to be refreshing. The opening is a fair keynote for the whole. "No; I won't marry you. I s'pose you think that I'm a lonely old maid, an' you're only askin' me to marry you out of your kindness of heart. If you think I'm a lonely old maid, you're mightily mistaken. I guess I'll have to tell you first what an old maid is.

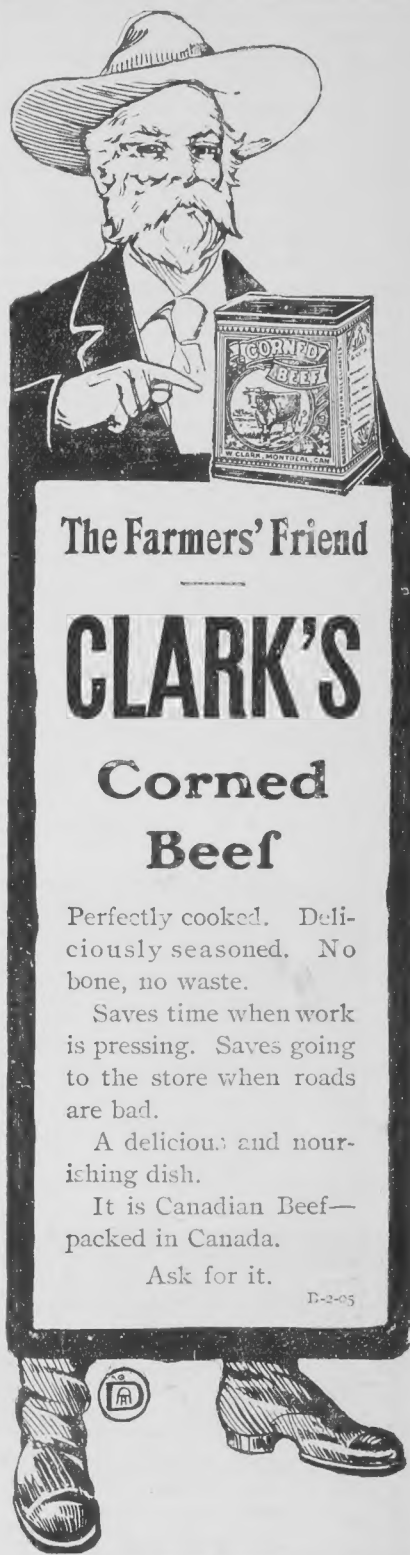
"An old maid is any livin' thing, male or female, human or horse, cat, pig or chicken, that's so finicky, so p'ticular about some little thing that don't really amount to much, that he don't pay no attention to some of the really important things of life. So you see that just not bein' married don't make a body an "old maid;" its born in 'em. As the good book says, "Some folks is born old maids, some is born widows, an' some few—mighty few, I'll tell you—is born men an' women."

Another book from the same Canadian publishing house (Langton & Hall, Limited, Toronto), is Lilly Dougall's "Earthly Purgatory." It is a good many years since we have had anything from the pen of this gifted Canadian writer, but her pen has not lost its cunning and the character studies are as finely etched as in her first works, though, to my way of thinking, she has never done anything quite as good as "Beggars All," which, if I mistake not, was her first long story. It is many moons since I devoured it week by week in the Montreal Witness. The Earthly Purgatory is the story of a woman falsely accused of a most revolting murder. The interest is well sustained to the last chapter, but the ending is true to Lilly Dougall's past, it leaves you clamoring for more.

Travellers' Aid.

These are two words that occur frequently in the daily newspapers, but few of the women on the farms and in the small towns and villages realize that they possess any vital interest for them, and yet the organization they represent was founded for the special help and protection of women, and more particularly young women from the rural districts travelling alone.

The Travellers' Aid branch of the Young Women's Christian Association has not been in existence many years, but in the time it has been working it has saved thousands of lives from shipwreck. Its primary object was to supply a reliable agent at all railway depots to look after young girls coming in from the country to find work in the city, so that arriving strangers in a strange city, they might not fall victims to those beasts of prey in human form who haunt railway stations for the express purpose of preying on youth and innocence. The work of the agents



The Farmers' Friend

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D-2-05



THE HOME OF WM. GIBSON, NEAR WOLSELEY, MAN.

practical and beneficent works of women for women that the past 10 years has brought forth. The work of the Travellers' Aid agent in Winnipeg is very heavy and very important. Fancy what it must be to meet three immigrant trains of 12 or 14 coaches in a single day, besides all the regular transcontinental and branch line trains. Winnipeg has so far been exceptionally fortunate in the women who have undertaken this work. They have all been trained nurses and devotedly enthusiastic in their calling. Imagine what it means to a woman arriving ill in a strange city to have a friendly hand extended to her, and how the value of that hand is increased when it is trained to minister to the sick. All over this broad west of ours, no young girl or timid woman of riper years need hesitate to come to the city because they are strangers. Let them look out for a sweet faced woman with the big silver badge bearing the word "Travellers' Aid Agent" round the brim and they will be quite safe and well cared for.

Family Pets.

A great deal of quiet fun is missed if you do not have pet animals about the house and watch their games and antics. A cat and her kittens will furnish many a hearty laugh if you cultivate the habit of watching them. The other day I was waiting for a friend



FIRST WHITE BABY BORN AT MELFORT, SASK.

James Melfort McCullough.

and her pet tabby with a lovely two month old kitten was on the sofa. Mistress puss was sitting on the top of the sofa with her tail hanging down temptingly over the seat where General Togo (the kitten) was lying on his shapely back playing with his fore paws. The waving of his mother's tail gave him an idea and in a moment he made a spring, caught it in his teeth and began to swing back and forward. His joy was shortlived. Mistress puss turned, without releasing her tail, sprang down upon him and rolling him over, boxed his ears most scientifically, first with one paw and then with the other. How he did mew and try to make his peace. No mother, able to speak three languages, could have made her authority more sternly felt.

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We want you to know about Liquozone, and the product itself can tell you more than we. So we ask you to let us buy you a bottle—a full-size bottle—to try. Let it prove that it does what medicine cannot do. See what a tonic it is. Learn that it does kill germs. Then you will use it always, as we do, and as millions of others do.

This offer itself should convince you that Liquozone does as we claim. We would certainly not buy a bottle and give it to you if there was any doubt of results. You want those results; you want to be well and to keep well. And you can't do that—nobody can—without Liquozone.

We Paid \$100,000

For the American rights to Liquozone. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, after proving, in thousands of different cases, that Liquozone destroys the cause of any germ disease.

Liquozone has for more than 20 years been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research. It is not made by compounding drugs, nor with alcohol. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing,

purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissue, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Every physician knows that medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma
Abscess—Anæmia
Bronchitis
Blood Poison
Bright's Disease
Bowel Troubles
Coughs—Colds
Consumption
Colic—Croup
Constipation
Catarrh—Cancer
Dysentery—Diarrhea
Dandruff—Dropsy
Dyspepsia
Eczema—Erysipelas
Fever—Gall Stones
Hay Fever—Influenza
Kidney Diseases
La Grippe
Leucorrhœa
Liver Troubles
Malaria—Neuralgia
Many Heart Troubles
Piles—Pneumonia
Pleurisy—Quinsy
Rheumatism
Scrofula—Syphilis
Skin Diseases
Stomach Troubles
Throat Troubles
Tuberculosis
Tumors—Ulcers

Gout—Gout
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353 Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

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HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Eggs a la Tripe.

Take some minced Spanish onions, saute lightly, do not brown; add it to some cream sauce; then cut up some hard boiled eggs in slices and mix into the cream sauce; place in gratin dish or large baking dish; sprinkle over with some fine bread crumbs and place over it some small pieces of butter; brown slightly in the oven.

Eggs a la Maitre d' Hotel, or Hotel Steward's Style.

Prepare some hard boiled eggs; keep them warm; fry some onions, and make some nice parsley sauce. Cut your eggs in slices, pour over them the parsley sauce garnish, placing the fried onions at each end of the dish.

Eggs a la Mode, or in the Fashion.

Take hard boiled eggs, slice them coarsely; chop some parsley, Spanish onions, mushrooms and cold lean ham; mix all into a cream sauce; place on a hot dish; garnish with fancy croutons at each end, one covered with chopped whites of eggs, the other with the chopped yolks.

Egg Salad.

Arrange neatly on a dish some nice crisp water cress; garnish alternately with some sliced hard boiled eggs and filleted anchovies; serve with French dressing composed of four parts of olive or Wesson's cooking oil (obtainable at the Hudson's Bay stores) to one part of Tarragon or white wine vinegar, a little onion juice, chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Eggs a la Marriaggi.

Make a nice crouton of bread with anchovy paste; place on top some nicely

Pork, Veal or Chicken Boudinnettes.

Take what remains of any of the above cold meats, mince it very finely, add either very fine bread crumbs or mashed potatoes (say one quarter of a pound to one pound of meat), mix thoroughly, season with salt, pepper and a little chopped parsley and thyme, and moisten with a little gravy and a yolk of egg to the pound. Butter some little thimble moulds or cups, fill them with the prepared mince and press in well; bake in a moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes, then turn upon a hot dish, garnish with fried parsley and some nice brown gravy.

Cold Meat Boudins.

Any cold remains of meat will answer this purpose. Mince the meat finely, place into a mortar or any suitable dish, pound it well to a smooth paste, moistening occasionally with a clear gravy. Then pass it through a fine sieve, return it to the dish, and then mix with it 1 oz. of butter, 1 egg and 2 table-spoons of good milk or cream, seasoning with salt, pepper, mace or nutmeg, and a little chopped parsley (optional). Butter some moulds, fill up with the mixture, place them in a stewpan containing some boiling water, cover up and steam them for 15 or 20 minutes. When done turn out upon a hot dish, pour around some nice tomato sauce and garnish according to taste with parsley, mushrooms, or any fancy potatoes, toes, such as Parisienne, Persillade, Chateau or Windsor.

Eggs au Buerre Noir, or Black Butter.

Put into a small frying pan about 1 oz. of butter, place on to a hot range, and when the butter starts to sizzle add your

The New Way to make Bread

Send for the "Royal Household" Recipes—they cost nothing—and may mean better bread—better pastry—better baking generally for the rest of your life—think of what that would mean to your family. If you have never used the new Royal Household Flour, there is a delightful surprise for you in the first batch of bread you bake with it—just send a postal card for the recipes.

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poached eggs; pour over the whole a sauce (Melba) and garnish with broiled bacon and tomatoes.

Melba Sauce.

Mince one onion, place in a saucepan with one quarter cup white wine, reduce till nearly dry, then pour into it some tomato sauce, say a half pint; then take three yolks of eggs, beat well, add a little cold tomato sauce to them, beat them well, then add to it celery and ham, rind of bacon cut up into small pieces, and saute with a little butter, cooking oil (Wesson's) till a light brown, then add a little thyme, parsley and some peppercorns (crushed), then mix in a little flour to form a roux; fry a little more, then add one can of tomatoes or six fresh tomatoes, cut up; pour on about two pints of beef stock and stir until it boils; remove to one side of the stove; let it simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour. Skim off all rising grease, add a little coloring, strain off, season and use as required.

Eggs a l' Aurore.

Take some hard boiled eggs, separate the whites from the yolks, cut the whites into thin strips and mix with a nice cream sauce. Put into a baking dish (which may be sent to table if an earthenware one is used), and then take your yolks, rub them through a fine sieve with a little butter, place them on top of your cream mixture, then put your dish into the oven and brown slightly. Serve at once.

Cream Sauce for the Above.

One pint of milk, boiled and flavored with a little mace and onion, poured upon one quarter of a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of butter (both of which have been stirred over the stove for a few minutes, making what is then called a white roux). Boil lightly for a few minutes; season with pepper and salt; then strain and use.

Eggs a la Constance.

Hard boiled eggs, yolks removed, stuffed with a saupcon of sweetbreads, ham and mushrooms. Cut into small cubes, mix the chopped yolks with a little cream sauce; then cover with a few bread crumbs and a little piece of butter and brown slightly. Serve with cream sauce.

eggs and cook slowly. When done place them on to your serving dish, put a little more butter into the pan; place it back on to the range again and let the butter get a good brown color, which will take from three to four minutes, according to the heat of the range. Next pour into it about 1 teaspoon of vinegar and pour it over the eggs and serve at once.

Poached Eggs a la Bourguig Nonne.

Put a little meat glaze into a saucepan with a little consomme or broth. When boiling, add your eggs; and when poached take them up, place upon a hot dish, sprinkle with a little parmesan cheese (grated), and place them in a hot oven for a minute to brown. In the meantime reduce your broth and glaze to half, strain and pour around the base of the eggs, but not over them. Serve very hot.

Cold Meat Olives: Can be called Beef, Pork, Veal or Mutton Olives.

Take 1½ lbs. of boiled potatoes, rub them through a fine sieve and mix with them 6 ozs. of flour and 1½ ozs. of butter. Mix it well so as to form a paste, roll out to half an inch thick, cut into round pieces with a cutter. Then on each one place a thin round slice of cold meat and season then with pepper and salt. Next place on top of each another round of paste, pinch the edges together and drop into some hot fat. When a nice brown take up and drain, place neatly on a hot dish and serve with a nice gravy or tomato sauce.

EDWARD DUPONT
CHEF AT THE MARRIAGGI
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The Home

Air and Sunshine.

Staying in the house is a habit easily acquired and hard to drop. Duties

If you put matting down, be sure the floors are thoroughly dry before it is laid.

Year-old matting gains new life by being wiped up with salt and water.

Clean springs and woodwork of beds carefully, going over joints and ends of slats and every crevice with

good ounce of prevention against moths.

Lining bureau and chiffonier drawers and closet shelves with heavy white paper keeps the contents fresh, and should be renewed from time to time to be always perfectly clean.

The tops of windows and doors require especial care and cleaning.

Have all your implements handy before you begin your cleaning—brooms and brushes, plenty of scrubbing and dust cloths, broom bags, soap, turpentine and chlorides, or caustic soda, for pipes.

Clean mirrors carefully, rubbing until every speck and spot has disappeared.

NATURO

After 1,000 years you are one of those who still use the uncomfortable, unhealthy old-fashioned closet? After ten centuries of mistakes the

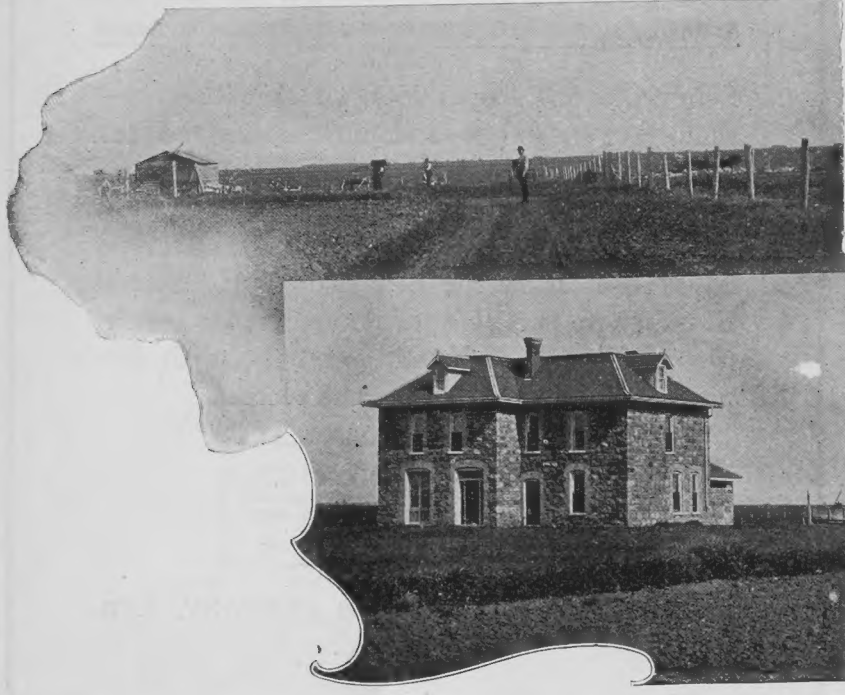
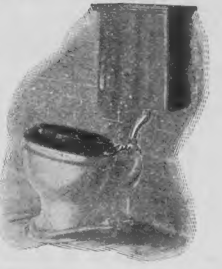
NATURO the closet with the slant is revolutionizing the world. The only sort of construction that is actually comfortable, healthy, cleanly.

Progressive physicians and leading architects are profoundly interested and endorse Naturo closets. Booklet 21 illustrated, with full details, free on request.

THE NATURO COMPANY, Salem, N. J.

Don't shroud pictures and mirrors in netting—if they're too much trouble to keep right, put everything you can away.

The Empire Loan Company, Winnipeg, report good results from their advertising of their further issue of permanent stock, and it is gratifying to know that the public are responding so readily in taking up the shares of this growing home institution.



VIEWS ON THE FARM OF MOSES CALVERLEY, HARTNEY, MAN.



make it necessary for a good part of the day, but there are expedients like opening the windows and inhaling deep draughts of fresh air and taking advantage of whatever sunshine the windows admit. Don't buy furnishings that will not stand the light—there are plenty that will, and they are quite as pretty as the more perishable articles. We do not seem to be able to distinguish between good things of small cost and cheap things that are expensive at any price. There are the prettiest homes imaginable without an expensive article in them, but everything has been chosen with care. An inexpensive copy of a famous picture is better than a crude painting from unskilled hands, but you cannot make some women believe it. Cheap silks and velvets have more virtue in their eyes than the finest cotton, and it is the cause for so much bad dressing, so many tawdry homes. Excluding the sunshine to preserve these monstrosities is a crowning piece of folly.

House Cleaning Hints.

Zealous young housekeepers sometimes make the mistake of cleaning paint with sand soap. Don't! It only scratches the paint; the other soap will do the work.

Take your carpets, and even your oilcloths, up once a year.

corrosive sublimate, by way of guarding against possible dust creatures.

Clean out closets and bureaus with turpentine water and use generous proportions of the turpentine. It's a

THE STRONG MAN WINS.



Every day we have evidence that the weakling has no place in the busy, humdrum life of to-day. It takes nerve and strength to go up against the obstacles we are now forced to encounter, and this the weakling lacks. Look about you and see the successful man of to-day; it matters not whether he be a Merchant, Lawyer or Laborer—with head erect, eye clear, strength in his every movement, he is ready to tackle any problem with that enthusiasm which assures success.

I can make just such men of weaklings, I care not how long they have been so, nor what has failed to cure them. Let them wear my

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

every night as I direct, and in place of a weak-nerved, debilitated being I will show you a strong man—full of vigorous life, with nerves like steel and ready to look any man in the face and feel that he is equal to the best of them and can do what they can do.

You will say this is promising a great deal. I know it, and can show you evidence that I have done it for thousands of weak men, and every one of them has spent from \$50 to \$500

on drugs before he came to me as a last resort. Are you weak or in pain? Are you nervous or sleepless? Have you Rheumatism, Weak Back, Kidney Trouble, Weak Stomach, Indigestion or Constipation? Are you lacking in vitality? I can give you the blessing of health and strength. I can fill your body with vigor and make you feel as you did in your youth. My Electric Belt is worn while you sleep. It gives a soothing, genial warmth into the body. This is life—vigor.

I want no man's money if I can't cure him. There is no deception about this offer, either in making or carrying it out. All I ask is reasonable security that I will get my pay, and you can

PAY WHEN CURED.

EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE FROM THOSE WHO HAVE WORN MY BELT

"I must say that I have not had a sour stomach, neither headache nor pain in my chest since I have used your Belt; therefore I cannot recommend it too highly."—JOHN NEWCOMBE, Goderich, Ont.

If you can't call at my office, write for my beautiful book, which describes my methods and gives prices. All letters are given special attention. Statement blanks will be sent you, and upon receipt of your symptoms I will advise you fully whether my Belt will cure you and the cost. I will hold your letters sacredly confidential. My Belts are never sold by agents or drug stores.

"After three and a half years' suffering and doctoring I have received a complete cure from your Belt of backache, sciatica and rheumatism, and have also gained in weight."—JOSEPH C. ARMSTRONG, 173 Rectory street, London, Ont.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge Street, Toronto, Can.

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